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WESTPORT

1812---1912.

Commemorating the Centennial of the Santa Fe Trail.
Westport's History from its beginning as a frontier
post until its annexation to Kansas City.
Westport's many springs and pasture
lands made it the ideal outfit-
ting point for the over-
land traffic.

The profits from the sale of this booklet will be devoted to
the Pioneer Monument Fund. The Monument
will be erected on the Santa Fe Trail at
the site of the City Hall of
Westport.

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The Westport Improvement Association, Incd., Ltd.

IN CHARGE OF

SANTA FE TRAIL AND BATTLE OF WESTPORT
REUNION AND CARNIVAL.

MILL CREEK PARKWAY, SOUTH OF WESTPORT AVENUE,
AUGUST 31st TO SEPTEMBER 8th, INCLUSIVE, 1912.

Given under the auspices of the Westport Improvement Association, The Kansas City Historical Society, The Daughters of the American Revolution, The Daughters of the Confederacy, The National Old Trails Road Association. For the benefit of the Pioneer Monument Fund on Santa Fé Trail at the Site of City Hall in Westport.

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THE SEAL OF WESTPORT.
Taken from an authentic map of early Westport.

MONUMENT-BUILDING AND MARKING THE TRAIL.

Over the entrance of the Old Santa Fé Trail road into the old city of Santa Fé the citizens of Santa Fé have erected a beautiful arch, and the markers from Old Franklin to older Santa Fé have been provided by the legislative appropriations of the respective States through which the trail passes in Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico.

In 1911 the old settlers and citizens of the city of Denver, Colorado, in grand reunion assembled, unveiled the "Kit" Carson Monument in the civic center of Denver. It is a wonderful piece of the sculptor's art. The old scout on a running horse crowns the monument. The hunter, trapper, and miner form a very pretentious pedestal for him, but they too rest upon a magnificent pedestal of Colorado marble, rising tier on tier to a commanding height.

"Meet me on the trail" is the slogan of the Westerner as they meet in old settlers' reunion now to mark with suitable emblems in stone and bronze the important points along the way. There was something in the well-equipped wagon train that reminds us of the Anglo-Saxon slogan, "As we journey through life let us live by the way."

The marker at Westport, Missouri, as designed by the Westport Improvement Association, is to be one of the most appropriate and befitting monuments erected along the Trail. It expresses the fact that Westport was the chief outfitting point for the caravan wagon trade. This Santa Fé Trail and Battle of Westport Reunion and Carnival is held for the sole purpose of starting a Pioneer Monument Fund to secure the Westport marker, which is to be five yoke of oxen, life size in stone, a full-sized prairie schooner with wagon-master and bull-whackers and the faithful dog in the rear. This souvenir booklet is sold for the benefit of that fund.

The Westport Improvement Association is a volunteer organization of enterprising business men of the Westport district of Kansas City, Missouri. They are the trustees of this Pioneer Monument Fund. The Westport Avenue Bank is the custodian of the Monument Fund. This is a movement in which every loyal Missourian should join with love and harmony.

THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.

Particularly Its Development by the Sons of Missouri.

A hundred years is the brief day of man. This article only briefly leads up to the day of the Missouri pioneers—through the history of the centuries when this trail belonged first to the American Indians, then the Spanish by exploration, followed by the French in actual possession until early in the first years of the nineteenth century. But it is chiefly devoted to the span of the last one hundred years, in which time our Missouri history has been so closely identified with the commerce of the prairies.

In 1812, just one century ago, the first pack-mule train started from Old Franklin, Missouri, to the much older city of Santa Fé. The Westport Santa Fé Trail Reunion is a centennial reunion for the lovers and descendants of the trailsmen. We attempt to span 1812 to 1912 with authentic data.

Santa Fé is claimed to be the oldest town in the United States. When the Spanish entered New Mexico, about the year 1542, they found a very large Pueblo town on the present site of Santa Fé and learned that its prior existence extended far back into the vanished centuries according to the history of New Mexico published by the Church in 1600. Bancroft states that by proclamation of the King of Spain, it took the name of "Villa of Santa Fé" and was first officially mentioned on the 3d of January, 1617. Others record that the first immigration to New Mexico was under Don Juan de Orante about 1597 and the year after Santa Fé was settled. That it is very much older than any of the cities on the plains is unquestioned. To date, the origin of the Santa Fé Trail would be giving history to whom honor-which our ancestors had to do began in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the United States made the Louisiana Purchase.

Marquette explored all this land for the French in 1673 and Louis XIV. took possession in 1682. It afterwards belonged again to Spain, but by the terms of the definite treaty of San Ildefonso, October 1, 1800, Napoleon, First Consul of France, received what is known in history as the Louisiana Territory.

Robert R. Livingston, on the part of the United States of America, and Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic

of France, in 1803 entered into a treaty by means of which the United States came into possession of this territory.

"Sturdy are the Saxon faces
As they move along the line."

First as trappers, then as traders, came the western pioneers. Early in the nineteenth century a more or less demand caused the trading-post to take on the military aspect of an outpost fort. The American flag always protects the demand of commerce—so the Government in 1804 built United States forts for the protection against Indian attacks on the trading-posts.

The Lewis and Clark fort-guilding expedition started from St. Louis and gave Fort Clark to the vicinity of Westport. The first decade in the history of the commercial development at the mouth of the Kaw has almost eluded us, but a hundred years ago we know that not only a fort, but a little outpost port was in operation here in what is now being remembered as Westport Landing, but was then called the "Town of Kansas," having been so named by the French.

Missouri has been particularly identified with the Old Santa Fé Trail since 1812. The wonderful adventures of William Becknell's pack-mule train that started over the plains *en route* for Santa Fé that year mark the beginning of the century that we are now celebrating.

Becknell disposed of his goods at such an advantage that he made several subsequent tours. The "Franklin Company" was soon not alone in this adventure. Many merchants from Illinois and St. Louis sent their wares up the Missouri in crude boats and sent them by pack to Santa Fé.

One half-decade of very brisk business followed in which the Mexicans came our way with their packs quite often, but usually carried their wares down the river in canoes to the larger market afforded them at St. Louis. They always left their mules here until they returned with their loads from the East.

Missouri has a very great claim to the literature and history of the Old Santa Fé Trail. With the commerce of the prairies her freighters began to flourish, and they held supreme transportation dominion during the gold fever of 1849.

In 1812 the name of the Louisiana Territory was changed to the Missouri Territory. During the next half-decade commerce sprang up like magic.

The power political was vested in a territorial government. Volumne I. of the Territorial Laws of Missouri contained all general laws that governed the frontiersman.

"In 1812 Capt. Wm. Becknell, who had been on a trading expedition with the Comanche Indians in the summer of 1811, organized a pack-mule train to start from Old Franklin, Missouri, *en route* for Santa Fé. The incidents of this trip were notable because, when the party arrived at 'The Caches' on the upper Arkansas, Becknell, who was in reality a man of the then 'frontier,' bold, plucky, and endowed with excellent sense, conceived the idea of striking directly across the country for Santa Fé through a region absolutely unexplored, with nothing but the North Star and an unreliable pocket compass to guide him. There was a total absence of water and their sufferings were most horrible. They would have perished had not a superannuated buffalo, that had just come from the Cimarron River, appeared in sight. He was quickly killed and the water from his stomach consumed by the men. They followed the trail of the animal back to the river, but after filling their canteens and refreshing their animals, they decided to go back to the Arkansas and take the highway and the safe way along the water-sheds."

—*Inman's "Old Santa Fé Trail."*

"As early as 1815, August P. Chouteau and his partner, with a large number of trappers and hunters, went out to the valley of the upper Arkansas for the purpose of trading with the Indians. The island on which Chouteau established his trading-post, and which bears his name even to this day, is in the Arkansas River, on the boundary line of the United States and Mexico. While occupying the island, Chouteau and his old hunters and trappers were attacked by three hundred Indians, whom they repulsed with the loss of thirty killed and wounded. These Indians afterwards declared that it was the most fatal affair in which they were ever engaged. It was their first acquaintance with American guns."

In 1821 Missouri became a State in the Union. The next year after Missouri became a State "The Sons of Franklin," masters of the vehicle idea, routed the first wagon train over the Santa Fé Trail. They blazed the way for the four-wheeled wagon to old Santa Fé—and most wonderful were their experiences on the trip.

William Becknell in 1821 was again notably connected with the enterprise, when wheeled vehicles were introduced in the interests of commerce. Col. Marmaduke, of Missouri, later of Confederate fame, was of the party. This caravan train carried merchandise. Prior to this Indians had been in the main friendly to the trailsmen, who usually traveled alone and sought to be friendly with them. There were notable exceptions of course. Captain Becknell is regarded as "the Father of the Santa Fé

Trail." Franklin, Missouri, is called "the Cradle of the Trail."

Commerical Westport, where we meet in this reunion, was, after 1833, the outfitting - point for the frontiersmen. Old Franklin is 187 miles east below the mouth of the Kaw on the Missouri River, opposite the present site of Boonville, Missouri. Nothing remains to mark the old town site now, it having been washed into the river in 1828.

The old Harris House hotel at Westport was a famous point on the Santa Fé Trail; it is a part of all the pioneer history that has been; it figured in the romance of Mamie Bernard and her Spanish husband, Epifano Aguirre. As Mamie could not speak Spanish and Aguirre could not speak English, they invited an interpreter to go on their wedding journey to Mexico.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont lived for months at a time at the Harris House in Westport, where her distinguished husband had domiciled her at the nearest possible point to him while he was exploring the western half of the continent. General John C. Frémont was a frequent visitor at Westport between exploring trips for the Government.

The old Harris House hotel is a monument to the early West and to all that it sheltered, as Benton, Frémont, Boone, Hays, pioneer on the Oregon Trail, Doniphan, Kearney, Carson, Bent, Bridger, and Aubrey; to Washington Irving, English lords, Spanish grandees, and Mexican and Civil War heroes made their headquarters here. It should stand always as a historical asset, not alone to Westport, but to Missouri and the entire West. It is already the most speaking living monument on the Santa Fé Trail, and will in another hundred years be to Kansas City and the entire West what Old South Church is now to Boston.

From a letter by Wm. Becknell to the editor at Sibley, Missouri, September 1, 1821: "Our company crossed the Missouri River near Arrow Rock Ferry and encamped about six miles west. When we arrived at Fort Osage we wrote some letters, purchased some medicine, and arranged some affairs that we thought necessary previous to leaving the confines of civilization. The country for several days' travel from Fort Osage is very handsomely situated, being high prairie, exceedingly fertile, but timber is unfortunately scarce."

Another, November 13th: "We meet a number of Spanish troops, much to our satisfaction. Their reception fully convinces us of their hospitable disposition and friendly feelings. We encamped with them that night and the next day about ten o'clock arrived at the village of St. Michael."

HARRIS
HOTEL

Again, the 15th: "We arrived at Santa Fé and were received with apparent pleasure and joy. The day after my arrival I accepted an invitation to visit the Governor, whom I found very well informed and gentlemanly in manners. He asked many questions concerning my country, its people, their manner of living, etc."

But the adventures of the "Franklin Company" in 1821, as they started on their return trip, which made the Caravan Trail famous, probably introduced the idea of the necessity and economy of the ox, who was to share in the glory of the pioneers. Horses and mules were so coveted by the Indians and Mexicans that the mild-eyed ox was chosen as a substitute.

The best source of information concerning the Trail is Dr. Joseph Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairie," published in 1844, which is really a classic; and Col. Henry Inman's "Old Santa Fé Trail," published in 1899. Buffalo Bill wrote the preface and declared it was a truthful story of most absorbing interest. Chapter five of this book relates the wonderful adventures of the Franklin Company in 1828.

In 1828 a company of young Missourians started from Franklin to Santa Fé. They were so disastrously encountered by the Indians that never again the commercial wagon train moved over the Trail without military escort. In the spring of 1829 Major Bennett Riley, of the United States Army, with four companies of the Sixth Regular Infantry, marched over the Trail from Missouri to Santa Fé as military escort, protecting the caravans. Captain Cook's journals and Major Riley's reports to the Secretary of War are splendid references.

For a little over the next half-decade the troops protected the caravan trains; thus the flag followed the commerce over the early trail.

Much has been said of the advent of the ox upon the Trail and the appropriateness of the schooner drawn by five yoke, which is to mark the Trail at Westport. The American Army introduced him first upon the Trail.

"Dear old ox, how came you here?
You 've plowed the fields for many a year.
You 've been knocked and kicked and stood abuse.
And now come for the trailsman's use.

Where is the ox, the mild-eyed cyme
Who helped to develop land and clime?
What! you say:—"The noble steers
Passed away with the pioneers.'"

Long before old Tecumseh Sherman marched his blue-coats to the sea, opening a national highway through the South, General Zachary Taylor's reinforcements, under General Doniphan, marched from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fé to defend the southern boundary of the United States. This Army of the West, of which so little has been written on its chronicles, made a great national highway, which is now being marked from Kansas City to New Mexico.

In the early forties the Mexicans began again to move caravans under their *major domo* or wagon-master, over the Trail to Westport. More or less native hatred had existed between the Texans and the Mexicans, and Governor Manuel Aemije had imposed heavy impost duties, which had served to increase the hostile feelings and decrease the wagon train traffic over the Trail; accordingly, when they started out their own wagon caravans, the report that the Texans had organized marauding bands of robbers to waylay them caused them to ask the protection of the United States troops through Federal territory. Indian hostilities broke out about this time, and the Trail for years was a veritable battle-ground, until the railroads supplanted the traffic by supplanting the pioneer caravan train.

To The Star: You ask for "Joe Bowers." I write just as I heard it sung forty years ago on the "Trail" in the West. It may not have the verbiage as when first written, but it is exact as it was then sung by the "mule-drivers" and the "bull-whackers" of those times.—J. M. C.

JOE BOWERS.

I 'll tell you all about me,
And how I came to roam,
And to leave my dear old mother,
So far away from home.

My name it is Joe Bowers,
I 've got a brother Ike;
I came from old Missouri,
Came all the way from "Pike."

There I courted a young lady
By the name of Sally Black;
I axed would she have me,
She said it was a "whack."

But, "First," said she, "Joe Bowers,
Before we hitch for life,
You ought to get a little home,
To take your little wife."

"Well, now," said I, "my Sally,
It is just for your sake,
I 'll go to California,
And there I 'll raise a stake."

"Why, bless your soul," said Sally,
"You are the chap to win,
But I 'm afraid you may return
With pockets full of tin."

Then I remarked to Sally,
"It 's time for me to go,
And I hope that you 'll remember
Your loving-hearted Joe."

Sal threw her arms around me,
And then began to bawl.
Said I, "Farewell to Sally,
Farewell to one and all."

When I got to California
I hadn't nary red;
I had such sheepish feelings
That I wished that I was dead.

But at last I got to mining,
And was striking my happiest lick;
I pounded at the boulders,
Just like ten thousand brick.

'Twas then I made a happy strike,
And 'was fixing to come home
To claim my dearest Sally,
And never more to roam.

But then I got a letter,
It was from brother Ike:
It came from Old Missouri,
It came all the way from Pike.

Well, it had the darndest news
That ever one did hear;
Said Sally had married a butcher,
And that the butcher had red hair.

And it had some other news
That nearly made me swear;
Said Sally had a baby,
And it, too, had red hair.

Whether boy child or girl,
The letter never said;
Just said Sally had a baby,
And that its cussed head was red.

Now I 've told you all about me,
And how I came to roam,
And to leave my dear old mother,
So far away from home.

—*Joe Bowers.*

OLD WESTPORT.

When pioneers came to what is now Jackson County in the early part of the nineteenth century, they reasoned that somewhere near the junction of the Missouri and Kaw rivers, at the gateway to the West, was the place for a city. They had a definite idea, but were not certain of the exact location.

Independence was founded in 1827, and until 1840 it appeared that this was to be the great city of the West. The preponderance of trade at about this latter date centered at Westport, which had been established in 1833, and for many years it seemed that it was to become the city of destiny. Kansas City was founded in 1839, and was soon in competition with Westport and Independence for supremacy. The historic town of Westport was consolidated with Kansas City in 1899 and is now a part of the Fourth Ward.

Daniel Morgan Boone, the third son of Daniel Boone, the Kentucky pioneer, was the first white man, according to a well-founded tradition, to visit the site of Independence. He crossed the wilderness alone from Kentucky to St. Louis in 1787, when he was eighteen years old; for twelve years he spent the time trapping beaver on the Little Blue River and other streams in the vicinity of Westport and Independence. Boone said that Jackson County was the best county for beaver in those days that he had discovered. This pioneer was the commander of a company in the War of 1812. Afterwards he was appointed farmer to the Kaw Indians and was stationed for four years near Lecompton, Kansas, on the Kaw River. Boone finally settled on a farm near Westport, where he died in 1832, from Asiatic cholera.

Jackson County was organized by an act of the Missouri Legislature, December 15, 1826. David Ward and Julius Emmons, of Lafayette County, and John Bartleson, of Clay County, were appointed to select a site for the county seat. The commissioner selected the site on which Independence now stands as the location. Long ago, in 1824 and 1825, two counties separated by the Missouri River, and flanked by the western border line, sought at the same time their incorporation by the Legislature. On the north the inhabitants, mostly emigrants from Kentucky, and advocating the elevation of that gentleman to the presidency, calling their county Clay, and its seat of justice Liberty. On the south, as if in rivalry, emigrants from Virginia,

Carolina, and Tennessee selected the name of Jackson for their county and Independence for their county seat.

The county court of Jackson County held its first meeting in Independence, July 2, 1827. The judges were: Henry Burris, presiding, and Abraham McClellan and Richard Fristoe. L. W. Boggs, afterwards governor of Missouri, was clerk of the court.

Colonel Henry Ellsworth, commissioner of Indian affairs, and a party of travelers, among whom was Washington Irving, the Father of American Literature, passed through Independence and Westport in 1832, on a tour through the Indian country. He said in a letter: "Yesterday I was on a deer-hunt in this vicinity, which led me through scenery that only wanted a castle or a gentleman's seat here and there interspersed to have equaled some of the most celebrated park scenery of England."

Independence in those early years was selected as a place of arrival and departure for pack-trains, and as an outfitting place for trappers of the mountains and western plains. It was well worth while to witness the arrival of some of these pack-trains. The mountain trade at length gave way to Mexican trade. This being on a much larger scale, pack-mules and donkeys were discarded and wagons drawn by ox and mule teams were substituted in their place.

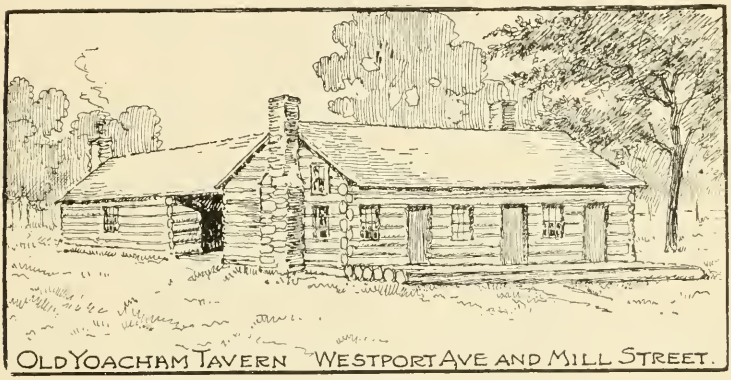
A Baptist missionary, the Rev. Isaac McCoy, entered a tract of Government land in 1831, four miles south of the Missouri River, on a road that led from Independence west to the plains. The next year his son, John McCoy, established a store on the land. The business prospered and in 1833 John McCoy decided to become a town-builder; he divided the land adjacent to the store into lots and sold them and called the settlement Westport. It is said that McCoy chose this name because it was a port of entry into the great western country. McCoy became a surveyor for the Government in 1836. He sold his store to William M. Chick.

On the land purchased from the Government by Isaac McCoy was the site of the village of Sauk or "Saukee" Indians, the last tribal habitation in the vicinity of Westport. The Indian settlement was situated on a ridge one mile south of Brush Creek.

The Santa Fé traders adopted the custom, about 1837, of stopping at Westport to await the arrival of their goods at Blue Mills Landing or Wayne City on the Missouri River. The prairie lands adjacent to Westport with its many springs afforded excellent grazing and camping-grounds. From Westport it

was only four miles north to the Missouri River, while it was eighteen miles to the Blue Mills Landing or Wayne City. Pierre Roi, a Frenchman, built a road from Westport directly north to the Missouri River; the traders, taking advantage of this shorter distance and good road, soon began having their goods shipped to the new "Westport Landing," rather than Blue Mills Landing or Wayne City.

The superior advantage of Westport as a business center attracted various classes of merchants, tradespeople, and mechanics. The Indians living in the country west of town received large annuities from the Government and they spent their money freely. The country adjacent to Westport in all directions was being settled. The freighters on the Santa Fé Trail attracted numerous large outfitting stores, blacksmiths, wagon-



OLD YOACHAM TAVERN WESTPORT AVE AND MILL STREET.

makers, etc. The demand for furniture other than the home-made kind of the pioneers brought cabinet-makers to Westport.

The business houses of Westport were first situated, for the most part, on a little stream that flowed through town in a southeasterly direction, crossing the present Westport Avenue near Mill Street. Along the banks of the stream, inside of town limits and without, were excellent springs that were convenient to the townspeople and travelers. Many of these springs were known by name.

Westport's first tavern was owned by Daniel Yoacham situated near the junction of Westport Ave. and Mill Street. The hostelry was a gathering-place for trappers, hunters, traders, Indians, and soldiers. The second tavern was established by A. B. H. McGee, at Westport Avenue and Penn Street. In

1847 Mr. McGee sold out to John (Jack) Harris, who conducted the Harris House there until 1864. James H. Hunter was the first saddler and afterwards a successful merchant. Robert Johnson operated the tannery and was the owner of the first brick house west of Independence. Mrs. James Holloway was a tailoress and made wedding garments for the young men. The leading physicians were: Dr. H. F. Hereford, Dr. Joel B. Morris, Dr. J. P. Stone, Dr. David Waldo, Dr. Parker, and Dr. A. B. Earle, also postmaster. Park Lee was an early attorney. The bread-making business was also profitable in Westport. A. M. Eisile's bakery, near the present northeast corner of Westport Avenue and Mill Street, made him a small fortune and he built one of the best two-story residences in town. Among the large land-holders from the Government of that period were George Harper, Capt. David Waldo (of the Mexican War), Boone Hays (grandson of Daniel Boone, pioneer on the Oregon Trail, on which he lies buried), Jesse Thomas, Dave Self, Sam Poteet, and James Yeager.

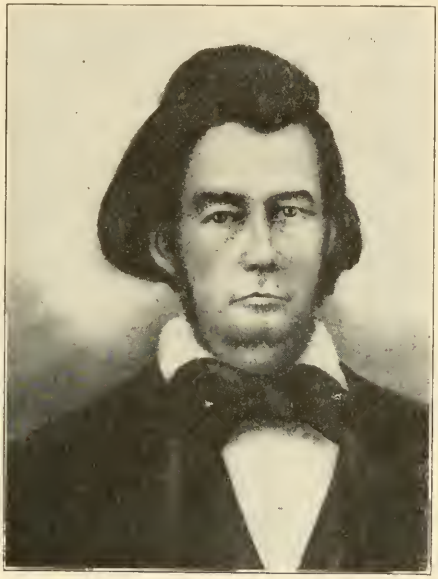
The Government established a post-office near the site of Westport in 1832, giving it the name of Shawnee. The name in two years was changed to Westport. The first postmaster was Dr. Johnston Lykins, and the second was John C. McCoy. Mail was carried from Independence to Westport once a week on horseback. A road was built across the State from St. Louis to Westport in 1839 and mail was brought by stage twice a week.

The principal tread-mill was situated on Brush Creek near the crossing of Wornall road, and one on Indian Creek near the State line. James H. McGee owned a corn-cracker; near where Westport Avenue crosses Mill Street a large water-power mill, owned by Johnson and Robert Hull, was situated near by. William Parish and J. H. McGee operated a small distillery and brewery near the present site of Allen School. This ground was bought by the School Board in 1868. One of the first large shipments of goods sent to Westport was for the firm of Meservey & Webb in Santa Fé. Boone & Bernard, of Westport, acting as agents, received the goods at the Westport Landing and engaged wagons and teams for the overland transportation. The caravan required to haul this one consignment of goods consisted of sixty-three wagons, each carrying about 6,000 pounds and drawn by six yoke of oxen.

Westport had an extensive trade with Santa Fé in 1849, when the California immigration began, greatly increasing the business. It is estimated that 40,000 immigrants bought outfits in Westport in 1849 and 1850. Companies of persons from all

parts of the country came to Westport to organize caravans for journeys across the plains. Almost every type of man in the West could be seen on the streets of Westport.

Westport was a market for cattle, mules, horses, harness, tents, saddles, and all other equipment needed for travel. In the town's early days Westport Avenue was lined with various outfitting establishments from a point east of Broadway to Mill Street. Similar stores and shops were situated on Penn Street



THOMAS J. GOFORTH.
First Mayor of the Town of Westport.

from Fortieth to Forty-third streets. Gold and silver bullion could be seen piled on the streets of Westport, being re-consigned and re-shipped at this point. The outfitting business was conducted on a cash basis and money was plentiful. When the immigrant trade was at its height the prairies around Westport were dotted with tents and wagons and had the appearance of the camp of a great army. These are the names of some of the successful business men and firms of Westport: Kearney & Bernard; A. G. Boone; J. M. and J. Hunter; Baker & Street; William Dillon;

S. P. and W. H. Keller; S. C. Roby; J. G. Hamilton; F. Gallup; Frederick Esslinger; Edward Price; Henry Sager; Francis Booth; P. D. Elkins; F. G. Ewing; W. M. Chick; Colvin Smith and Alfred Warfield.

Between 1855 and 1860 Westport reached the zenith of its prosperity. Westport was incorporated February 12, 1857. Its first mayor was Thomas J. Goforth.

Shawnee Mission, in Kansas three miles south of Westport, was closely identified with the early history of the town. The Rev. Thomas Johnson, founder of the mission, was intimately associated with Isaac McCoy, Dr. Lykins, and other residents of Westport. Thomas Johnson established the first mission school for Shawnee Indians in 1829, in the town of Shawnee, in Johnson County, Kansas. The school had twenty-seven pupils in 1835, and the church had a membership of seventy-four Shawnee Indians. The mission was removed to the location three miles from Westport in 1839, where the Government had given a grant of 2,240 acres. Large buildings were erected on the new site and a manual training school established that continued in operation until 1862. Francis Parkman, the historian, came to Jackson County in May, 1846, and to Westport to equip an outfit for the Western journey. He gave a description of Westport in his book, "The Oregon Trail."

When Westport was established the principal steamboat landing in Jackson County was at Blue Mills and Wayne City, six miles below Independence.

The Westport merchants found this landing inconvenient, as the trip could not be made down and back in one day; so they had their freight brought ashore farther up the river. About this time John C. McCoy had the stock of goods for his store brought ashore above Chouteau's warehouse, in 1832, from the steamboat *John Hancock*, and a regular landing was established at the river bank where Grand Avenue reaches the river. This was the beginning of "Westport Landing," that afterwards developed into Kansas City.

A set of gilded deer horns were the trophies of speed. The arbitrary rule of the river was that the fastest boat wore the horns. The trophies had to be at once surrendered by the captain of the boat out-speeded. It has been suggested that this may account for so many of them going on the shoals.

Here follows the sum and substance of an article contributed for this booklet by the Kansas City Historical Society, written by Dr. W. L. Campbell:

"In Westport's golden age of the Santa Fé Trail, freighting in the decade preceding the outbreak of the Civil War, the freight for Santa Fé was brought up the Missouri River from St. Louis in the steamboats, landed at the Kansas City levee, and thence carried west on wagons. The road or trail from the levee ran from Delaware Street along the northern foot of the bluff that is still standing, till the trail reached the place where Grand Avenue now is, and then it turned southward along the eastern foot of the same bluff and toward Westport, cutting across land where now is the market square of Kansas City. The writer's father was a freighter—solely a freighter. He never alternated this with any other pursuit, such as merchandising. Some of the other freighters did alternate. At the decline of freighting he retired.

"Between the years 1850 and 1860, steamboating was at its best on the Missouri River, and in 1857, 729 boats arrived at Kansas City. Immense profits were made in the business. Some of these boats were named after plainsmen. Among these were the *F. X. Aubrey*, a side-wheel boat built by Captain Thomas H. Brierly in 1853. At the top of the pilot-house was the gilded figure of a rider on a galloping horse, representing Aubrey on a famous ride from Santa Fé to Independence. The *Aubrey* was sunk near Herman, Missouri, in 1860, and her machinery was taken off the wreck and mounted on the *Arago*. The *Aubrey*, although a fast boat, was not the fastest one Captain Brierly ever commanded. Either the *Morning Star* or the *Polar Star* could pass the *Aubrey*, although the *Aubrey* was one of the 'lightning line packets,' as they were in that day called. At different times Captain Brierly was captain on each of these steamers.

"The *Kit Carson,* named after the noted plainsman, burned at the levee in St. Louis in 1849. Captain N. J. Eaton was in command.

"A side-wheel boat was built in 1860, and called the *Mink,* being painted the color of that animal. The *Mink* 'took a sheer' on the Missouri River, near the mouth of Grand River, and running into the bank, by escaping from the pilot's control, leaked and sank. The *Mink* was raised and painted white, and called the *Alexander Majors,* after one of the pioneer freighters of Westport. The *Majors* was a medium-sized boat. It burned at the levee in St. Louis in 1866. The *Majors* was a good average boat, but not a floating palace like the *Morning Star* or *Polar Star* or *Aubrey.*

"The *W. H. Russell,* a large side-wheel passenger boat that discharged much freight at Kansas City, was named after a Santa Fé freighter and a partner of Alexander Majors. It was built and owned by Captain Joseph Kinney.

"The *Amazon,* commanded and owned by Captain P. M. Chouteau, of Kansas City, carried many a ton of Santa Fé freight. The *Amazon* belonged in the palace class, and was 253 feet long and 32 feet beam. The *Amazon* snagged and sank in the Missouri River, three miles from its mouth, one night in 1856, and the place is still called 'Amazon Bend.' Captain Ashley Hopkins, a brother-in-law of Captain Chouteau, owned and ran the *Asa Wilgus,* also a heavy carrier of Santa Fé freight. The *Asa Wilgus* sank at Bates' woodyard, near Herman, in 1860. The magnificent *A. B. Chambers,* owned by Captain Alexander Gilham, who lived in the old-fashioned house still standing at 1315 McGee Street, sank below the wreck of the *Amazon* and between Amazon Bend and the mouth of the Missouri River, September 24, 1860. The *Chambers* was 225 feet long and 33 feet beam. The *Cora,* named by Captain Joseph Kinney, of Old Franklin, Missouri, in honor of his daughter, lies in what is known as 'Cora Chute,' not far from the *Chambers* and the *Amazon.* Captain Kinney made $50,000 profit in one trip from St. Louis to Fort Benton, Montana, with the *Cora.*

"The *A. B. Chambers* was named after an editor of the St. Louis *Republic,* whose daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Chambers Hull, now of St. Louis, was awarded the $500 prize in 1911 for composing the State song, "Missouri." The larger steamer, *Sam Gaty,* named after the St. Louis foundryman, whose picture is in the rooms of the St. Louis Historical Society, lies in the 'Nigger Bend' above Arrow Rock, Missouri, and is the boat that brought back to Kansas City, after a temporary absence in war-time, the family of Col. Kersey Coates. The Coates family originally

came to Kansas City on the *William Campbell*, a boat named after the writer's uncle. The steamer was commanded by Captain William Edds (pronounced Eads), the man who brought John J. Ingalls to Kansas City on the palatial steamer *Duncan S. Carter*. The wreck of the *Carter* lies hidden from view near St. Aubert, Missouri. A member of our Reception Committee, Mr. James Goodin, of 1121 Prospect Avenue, owned the stern-wheel steamer *Fire Canoe*, that sank November 13, 1859, in Kaw Bend in the Missouri River, in view of Kansas City, Kansas, then Wyandotte. *Fire Canoe* was the Indian name for steamboat, and the boat was bound for Fort Leavenworth with a load of coal from Lexington. The bell of the *Fire Canoe* was removed from the wreck and placed on the Gilliss House, a hotel on the Kansas City levee, the object being to call people to their meals, a custom extant in that day. The Gilliss House subsequently became a rival of the Harris House in bidding for patronage.

"In 1832 the *John Hancock*, laden with a stock of merchandise for John C. McCoy's big store at Westport, arrived first at the levee. Concerning the *John Hancock* there is not a paragraph in any history of Kansas City or Missouri, although much has been written of the *Independence*, that landed at Old Franklin in 1819. The *Hancock* was a side-wheel, single-engine boat, and belonged to a type of river craft that was extinct before the halcyon days of steamboating. These old-fashioned single engines would now be regarded as a curiosity. Instead of managing the engine with a lever or throttle, the engineer used crow-bars. There were no wires, bells nor speaking-tubes connecting the pilot-house with the engine-room, and the pilot shouted his orders to the engineer. No wonder there were wrecks. Notwithstanding that the *John Hancock* was named after a dead man, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, the boat lived for eight years after 1832. To name a boat after a deceased person is a direct violation of a superstition among steamboatmen, and is said to be a certain harbinger of ill luck to the boat. The *John Hancock* sank in Brick House Bend, between the old town of St. Charles and the mouth of the Missouri River, in the year of 1840, and no living man can to-day point out the exact spot where the *Hancock* lies buried."

There is no place in the State of Missouri where civic pride is greater than in that portion of the Greater Kansas City known as Westport. From its earliest history Westport has stood for commerce, culture, and improvement. It is a distinctive community, discriminating, unique, distinguished for its social and

intellectual supremacy and its beautiful homes. It is a residence district with a personality, hospitable, progressive. From its homes radiate a grace and culture that bespeak purity and sense in women, honor, intelligence, and gallantry in men. There is an air of Southern aristocracy about the place.

Who can conceive how far-reaching the influence of this district, with the Westport Improvement Association in the field? There is hope for greater and grander work than merely the building of monuments in stone to the memory of our worthy pioneers, though this in itself is commendable.

As we enter the twentieth century, and with the field-glass of memory, aided by the pen-products of the pioneers, try to survey the past hundred years, we realize that volumes and volumes of history have been lost to us forever. Each span of a hundred years curls up into a century cycle and, like a finished volume, is laid upon the shelf. The Westport Improvement Association in 1912, with a courageous look into the future, has a mission. The Kansas City Historical Society, with headquarters in historic Westport, should be the recording angel.

Westport Landing in 1842.

DONIPHAN'S EXPEDITION.

By Hon. Roland Hughes.

Doniphan's Expedition was the most important event in American history since the War for Independence and the adoption of the Constitution. The expedition itself was as remarkable as the results accomplished. There is no other military expedition in history that compares with it. It started practically from Westport.

At the time this military movement was organized and carried out there were no settlements (except Indians) west of the Missouri River, and no organized government except the Mexican Government, which prevailed over all the territory not included in the Louisiana Purchase and Texas, and lying west of the Missouri River.

After the Louisiana Purchase, the expanding importance of the United States excited the envy of the European powers, especially England and Spain; and they both viewed with jealous eyes the dominating spirit and commercial enterprise of our people. Both these powers were unremitting in their endeavors, by intrigue and diplomacy, to involve the United States and Mexico in war and thus use the Mexican power to curb the aspiring spirit and growing importance of the people of the United States. This was especially so after the secession of Texas from Mexico and its admission as a State into the American Union.

This event and the occupation of the strip of disputed territory between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande by the American Army under General Taylor was made the ground for declaration of war by the Mexican Government against the United States in April, 1846.

At this time the Mexican territory extended as far north (or probably farther) as the northern line of California, and, as before stated, included all of the country not included in the Louisiana Purchase. The War Department determined to send an army from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fé to operate against this portion of the Mexican territory, which was designed to start from Fort Leavenworth, a cantonment of the American Army, which had been established by Captain Henry Leavenworth in 1827.

In pursuance of this plan John F. Edwards, Governor of Missouri, about the middle of May, 1846, issued a proclamation calling for volunteers to rendezvous at Fort Leavenworth, and thus create the "Army of the West," as it was to be known.

This expedition was to be conducted by Col. Stephen W. Kearney, of the First Dragoons of the United States Army, who was a very skillful and able officer. It was arranged that the companies should assemble at Fort Leavenworth and be lettered in the order of their arrival. The first company to arrive, and which was afterwards known as Company A, was the company from Jackson County, whose captain was David Waldo, of Independence, and whose lieutenant was John Reid. David I Clayton and Henry I. Chiles were second lieutenants. James Peacock, of Independence, was also in this expedition, but not in this company. He was in the company from La Fayette County, known as Company B, and whose captain was William P. Walton. Captain John W. Reid, who afterwards lived in Kansas City, was also in this expedition, but with Company D from Saline County, and he was captain of that company and served with great distinction and gallantry during the whole war. Another distinguished citizen of Jackson County in this expedition was Samuel C. Owens, who was circuit clerk of this county from to , and who at this time was engaged in the freighting business to Chihuahua. When the traders were organized into two companies he was taken into this expedition, and after the army passed El Paso was elected major of the battalion, and was the first man killed in the Battle of Sacramento, about sixteen miles this side of the city of Chihuahua.

After the companies were organized at Fort Leavenworth, they elected Alex. W. Doniphan, of Liberty, colonel, and this expedition has always been known in history as "Doniphan's Expedition."

The first company to respond to this call of Governor Edwards and arrive at the place of rendezvous marched through the town of Westport to Leavenworth.

The regimental officers were:

A. W. Doniphan.....*Colonel*
Congreve Jackson.....*Lieutenant-Colonel*
Charles F. Ruff.....*Second Lieutenant*
William Gilpin.....*Major*
James A. De Courcy.....*Adjutant*
Thomas M. Morton.....*Acting Surgeon*
George Penn.....*Acting Surgeon*

W. B. D. Moore ..... *Acting Surgeon*
I. F. Morton ..... *Acting Surgeon*
James Lea ..... *Quartermaster*
F. C. Hughes ..... *Sergeant*
Nicholas Snider ..... *Bugler*

This command commenced its march from Fort Leavenworth on the 6th day of June, 1846, and took almost a due south course across the Kansas prairies to the Kansas River, where they arrived about noon of June 30th. They crossed the Kansas River at the mouth of the Wakarusa Creek. There was a Shawnee Indian by the name of Paschal Fish, who owned some ferryboats there. He was a cousin to old Tecumseh and the Prophet. This place was known as "Fish's Ferry." This Shawnee Indian lived about a mile south of the river, on a road leading to Westport, and kept a tavern there.

The army remained at this place, after crossing the river, until the 2d day of July, because there is a letter extant written by the colonel from this point to his excellency John F. Edwards, Governor of Missouri, and dated

"Headquarters Army of the West, Camp at
Fish's Ferry on Kansas River, July 2, 1846."

From this point the army struck the Santa Fé Trail at the nearest practicable point.

This little army of Missouri boys marched across an unknown country to Santa Fé, from Santa Fé to El Paso, from El Paso to Chihuahua, from Chihuahua through the State of Durango in Mexico, and from there across the Mexican Republic to Saltillo, where it united its forces with those of General Wool. More than three thousand miles they marched through the enemy's country without any effort to keep up communication with any base of supplies, and with the perfect knowledge that if they ever met with a solitary reverse, not a man of them would live to tell the tale.

When they arrived at Santa Fé they took possession of the Governor's palace, erected the Stars and Stripes, and by a military proclamation annexed all of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and part of Utah and California to the United States; brought in the chief men of the country and had them take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government; and by this same military proclamation made all the inhabitants of that country citiens of the United States.

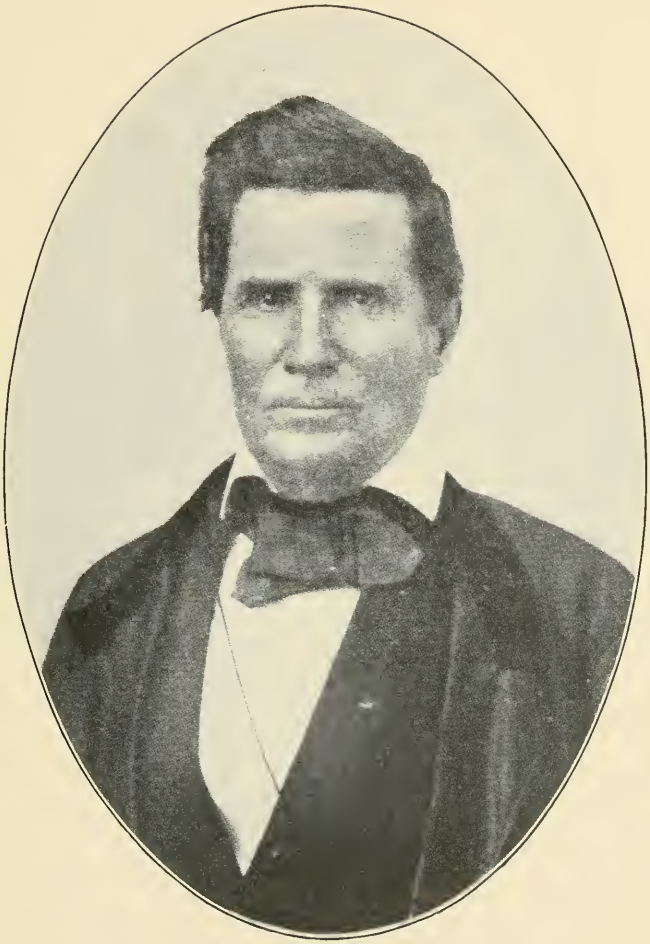
After having taken possession of the country and establishing a civil government, General Sterling Price was left with a

garrison at Santa Fé to administer the affairs of the new territory, and Col. Kearney and Col. Doniphan separated their commands. Col. Kearney marched across the country west to the Pacific Coast to take possession of California and hold it under military rule. Col. Doniphan marched down the Rio Grande and before reaching El Paso fought the Battle of Brazito, where he defeated the Mexican Army, which retreated ahead of him to El Paso and crossed the river there. Col. Doniphan, not being able to overtake the Mexicans in their retreat, followed on to El Paso, where he crossed the Rio Grande and took up the march to Chihuahua. After winning the Battle of Sacramento, he took possession of the city of Chihuahua with his little army, and after having opened communication with Gen. Wool, who was then at Saltillo, established a civil government at Chihuahua, and marched into the State of Durango with his army, and from there across the country, where it was united with Gen. Wool at Saltillo.

Xenophon's Anabasis is regarded in history as the most wonderful expedition on record. The ten thousand Greeks marched a thousand miles, were defeated and returned with all lost save honor; dejected and broken in spirit. Doniphan's Expedition marched more than three thousand miles, never lost a battle, and returned home full of honors and crowned with victory, and added an empire to their Government. They accomplished more and said less about it than any set of men known in history.

The importance of this expedition and its great accomplishment does not consist alone in the tremendous things which it did and the almost limitless expanse of territory which it added to the United States, but the immediate effect of this expedition upon the Mexican War was to require the Mexican Government to divide its army, sending one division thereof to meet this expedition and thus enable Gen. Taylor to win the Battle of Buena Vista, where it was decided once for all that Anglo-Saxon civilization, and not Latin civilization, should dominate the American Continent, and thus gave to the United States the foundation for becoming one of the great and influential powers of the world.

When the company that went out from Jackson County returned to their homes in July, 1847, and on the 29th day of that month, the good people of Independence and vicinity gave a public dinner and reception to the returning company, on which occasion they were welcomed home in a speech by S. H. Woodson, after which Mrs. Buchanan delivered the following



COL. ALEXANDER W. DONIPHAN.

oration and presented Col. Doniphan with a laurel wreath, "the gift of beauty to valor."

"Respected Friends:—Long had the world echoed to the voice of Fame when her brazen trumpet spoke of the glories of Greece and Rome. The sun looked proudly down upon Thermopylæ when Leonidas had won a name bright and glorious as his own golden beams. The soft air of the Italian clime glowed as the splendor of a Roman triumph flashed through the Eternal City. But the mantle of Desolation now wraps the mouldering pillars of Athens and of Rome, and Fame, deserting her ancient haunts, now fills our own fair land with the matchless deeds of her heroic sons. Like the diamond in the recesses of the mine, lay for centuries the land of Columbia. Like that diamond when art's transforming fingers have polished its peerless lustre, it now shines the most resplendent gem in the coronal of nations.

"The records of the Revolution, that dazzling picture in the temple of History, presents us with the astonishing sight of men whose feet had never trodden the strict paths of military discipline, defying, conquering the trained ranks of the British Army, whose trade is war. Nor did their patriotism, their energy, die with the Fathers of the Revolution—their spirit lives in their sons.

"The star which represents Missouri shone not on the banner that shadowed the venerated head of Washington. But the unrivaled deeds of the Missouri Volunteers have added such brilliancy to its beams that even he whose hand laid the corner-stone of the temple of American liberty, and placed on its finished shrines the rescued flag of his country, would feel proud to give the star of Missouri a place amidst the time-honored, the far-famed 'old thirteen.' The Spartan, the Athenian, the Roman, who offered on the altar of Mars the most brilliant sacrifices, were trained even from their infancy in all the arts of war. The service of the bloody god was to them the business of life, aye, even its pastime; their very dreams were full of the tumult of battle; but they who hewed asunder with their good swords the chains of a British tyrant, and they who have rendered the names of Brazito and Sacramento watchwords to rouse the valor of succeeding ages, hurried from the quiet labors of the field, the peaceful halls of justice, the cell of the student, and the familiar hearth of home, to swell the ranks of the defenders of their native land.

"Volunteers of Missouri:—In the history of your country, no brighter page can be found than that which records your own bright deeds. Many of you had never welcomed the morning light without the sunshine of a mother's smile to make it brighter; many of you had known the cares and hardships of life only in name; still you left the home of your childhood and encountered perils and sufferings that would make the cheek of a Roman soldier turn pale; and encountered them so gallantly that Time in his vast calendar of centuries can show none more bravely, more freely borne.

"We welcome you back to your home. The triumph which hailed the return of the Cæsars, to whose war-chariot was chained the known world, is not ours to give; nor do you need it. A prouder triumph than Rome could bestow is yours, in the undying fame of your proud achievements. But if the welcome of hearts filled with warm love and well-merited admiration, hearts best known and longest tried, be a triumph, it is yours in the fullest extent.

"The torrent of eloquence to which you have just listened, the rich feast that awaits you, are the tributes of your own sex; but we, the fairer part of creation, must offer ours also.

"Colonel Doniphan:—In the name of the ladies who surround me, I bestow on you this laurel wreath—in every age and every clime the gift of beauty to valor. In placing it on the brow of him who now kneels to receive it, I place it on the brows of *all* who followed where so brave, so dauntless a commander led. It is true that around the laurel wreath is twined every association of genuis, glory, and valor, but I feel assured that it was never placed on a brow more worthy to receive it than his on which it now rests—the Hero of Sacramento."

I herewith append a roster of the Jackson County Company, from which it will be seen that many of the descendants of these gallant men are still living in this county. Many of them have achieved fame and fortune in other lands. I do not know of any survivors of this company that live in this county.

An attempt to give an account of the subsequent history of the members of this famous company or that of their descendants would extend this article beyond a reasonable limit.

Roster of Company A. (Jackson County.)

David Waldo ..... *Captain*
John Reid ..... *First Lieutenant*
David I. Clayton ..... *Second Lieutenant*
Henry I. Chiles ..... *Second Lieutenant*

Simeon Oldham.....*Second Lieutenant*
John S. Webb.....*First Sergeant*
Richard B. Buckner.....*Sergeant*
Samuel S. White.....*Sergeant*
Richard Simpson.....*Sergeant*
James Munday.....*Corporal*
Thos. Moore.....*Corporal*
Jesse Frierson.....*Corporal*
William E. Bush.....*Corporal*
Lemuel Jepson.....*Bugler*
Chas. Miller.....*Bugler*
Joseph W. Hamilton.....*Farrier*

Privates.

Aud, Francis L.
Asbury, Squire
Bean, Samuel
Berry, Frank
Boswell, William
Bush, William D.
Burton, William T.
Burton, Beverly I.
Bowland, James
Clift, James H.
Cogswell, William
Copeland, William L.
Copeland, Anthony N.
Cox, James
Carlton, Ezekiel
Cannon, William N.
Campbell, John E.
Clayton, James R.
Capell, Britton
Capell, John I.
Chiles, Elijah J.
Crabtree, Isaac
Crenshaw, John T.
Douglas, Oliver T.
Ells, Nathan
Forrest, Lorenzo D.
Foster, William
Flournoy, Matthew I.
Franklin, John R.
Fugate, Francis
Gilpin, William
Gibson, John R.
Greenwood, Fontleroy D.
Hamilton, Christopher C.
Haines, Michael D.
Hildebrand, Levi
Jones, David A.
Jenks, Christopher
Johnson, Waldo P.
Killbuck, Washington
King, Walter
Knighton, Perry
Lucas, John T.
Lucas, James A.
Lacy, I. E.
Latz, Benjamin
Lindsay, Alfred O.
Lillard, Morgan
Lemmons, Benjamin
Lemmons, Washington
Lewis, Richard
Moody, Andrew J.
Mount, Thornton A.
Meek, Robert G.
Maim, Christopher
Maim, Elson
McMurray, John H.
Massie, Thomas H.
McElrath, James
McKeller, John

Nichols, Daniel
Noland, Jesse
Overton, William R.
Owens, James W.
Patton, John W. H.
Pringle, Geo. A.
Palmer, Jonathan R.
Parish, Sidney G.
Phelps, Richard S.
Patterson, Andrew J.
Patrick, Dudley
Pool, James M.
Powell, David I.
Pollard, Samuel A.
Rennick, Chatham M.
Riggs, Green B.
Riggs, Henry C.
Riggs, William C.
Ryan, Henry M.
Smith, Hugh N.
Sprague, Davis
Sharpe, George
Sharp, Leonard B.
Sears, Peter A.
Speed, James
Triplett, Zela
Tyler, Perry I.
Vigus, John K.
White, Wafer S.
Wear, John
Wear, James A.
Wear, Abraham W.
Wear, Samuel C.
Watts, John S.
Wilson, John C.
Waller, Shelby
Webb, George B.
Walker, Collins
Woodland, John L.
Wallace, James W.
Young, William M.
Zellers, Henry

AUBREY'S RIDE.

The Yankee wins the bet and holds the trophies for speed never surpassed over the Old Santa Fé Trail.

F. X. Aubrey, a famous energetic character, familiar at Westport and Independence, made the most memorable horseback trip over the Old Santa Fé Trail. In the late forties he came from New York to Independence, bought a lot of teams and started into business as a freighter. Such was his push and vim that he made two trips a season. One day, while discussing freighting and the length of time it ought to take to cover the distance between Independence and Santa Fé, a distance of 775 miles, Aubrey made the bold assertion that he would start alone on a single horse and push through in eight days. A dispute arose, and the result was that Aubrey offered a wager of $5,000 that he could start on a thoroughbred horse he had, of unusual speed and endurance, and with the liberty to buy such horses as he might need on the way, and so remount himself as often as he had a chance, and be in Independence at the Stage Station in less than eight days of twenty-four hours each, from the time he left Santa Fé. The money was covered and the wager made. Aubrey started and was in Independence, Mo., in just seven days and ten hours from the time he said good-bye to Santa Fé; he remounted himself twice.

Then a second wager was made. The parties who had lost the $5,000 managed to make a wager of $10,000 a side with Aubrey. This time he was to go from Santa Fé to Independence in six days. It was at the best season of the year, there were no rains, the grass was good and the Trail as hard as a pavement. Aubrey had the same liberty to remount himself as often as he could buy a horse that he preferred to his own; he was not permitted to arrange relays or post-horses in advance. He started out of Santa Fé on a Sunday; all he had with him to eat was a little dried beef, expecting to get food at the stage stations along the Trail. Saturday afternoon of the same week he rode into the public square at Independence, winning the race by five hours. He was just five dayse and nineteen hours riding the 775 miles, and had used eleven horses. He had two skirmishes with

the Indians and had been chased by them at the Cimarron crossing of the Arkansas, and again at Pawnee Rock. He escaped, however, with nothing worse than an arrow through his arm. When he slipped from the saddle at Independence, he had not slept a wink for fifty-six hours. Bystanders asserted that he was sound asleep the instant he touched the ground. Aubrey was carried into the hotel and put to bed, and did not open his eyes again until Monday about two o'clock. He won $15,000 on these two races, and in the last one made a record for long-distance riding never surpassed. Aubrey was stabbed to death at Santa Fé by Major Weightman, in a dispute over a lie that Aubrey accused Weightman of having told. Col. Edward Haren, of Westport, saw Aubrey at Los Angeles a short time before his death. Col. Haren has recently presented to the Kansas City Historical Society a newspaper clipping concerning Aubrey's ride and wager. Judge T. R. Peacock, of Independence, said that he saw Aubrey lifted off his horse at Independence at the end of his famous ride.

STERLING PRICE,
Major-General C. S. A.

BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL STERLING PRICE.

By Mrs. William Shields Clagett.

States are not great, except as men make them;
Men are not great, except as they do and dare.
—*Eugene F. Ware.*

To be a Missourian is a blessed heritage; to have been a child in Missouri in the stirring days of the sixties, with the clean, unwritten page of life to be filled with indelible and character-moulding impressions, was indeed an unique privilege, for it welded us just a little more as *one* with our State. In this the name of General Sterling Price was a strong factor. Where is the child who could forget or cease to venerate the name of "Pap" Price, as it fell from the lips of idolized, grown-up young men of her acquaintance, wearing the jaunty little military cap of gray and shining brass buttons? Why, it was the center and circumference of *all* things on earth. What cared we for Dixie Land or the happy land of Canaan, so long as Missouri was right in the front ranks with her General Sterling Price? It is said that to none of our State heroes have we accorded such generous and unstined praise. Yet the writer and the historian have done but little for him. Indeed, it is only within the last few years that the South's irreproachable King Arthur, Robert E. Lee, has been given his merited place in the printed page. We of the South seem to have been possessed all unconsciously of a feeling of smug contentedness, and belief that such apparent worthiness would be reognized by the world without a blare of trumpets. We have now reached a safe distance from the field of action for a true valuation; from interests and counter-interests, to give to men from both sides their rightful place in history. Then may we expect our own beloved State will exploit one who ranked with Lee and Jackson in its memory, and the cause which he espoused. W. L. Webb, in his "Battles and Biographies of Missourians," has sounded a rousing key-note.

Sterling Price was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, in 1809. His education was completed at Hampden and Sydney, and later by studying law. He came of a good, intelligent, and well-to-do family. In 1831 he moved with his father's

family to Missouri and settled on a farm in Chariton County, which remained his home as long as he lived. Like most young men, he cast about in different ways for a living; first as tobacco commission merchant, a leading industry in Missouri in those days, and then hotel proprietor. His hotel is still shown in Salisbury, Mo. In 1840 he represented his county in the Legislature. While but little known outside of his own county and only thirty-one years old, he was made Speaker of the House. So satisfactory was he as a presiding officer that he was similarly honored the next term. From this time he was the most prominent man in the State, in civil and military affairs. While chairman of the convention that framed the Constitution of our State, it is said that he suggested the motto which is and will be Missouri's for all time, "*Salus populi suprema lex est*," "The welfare of the people is the supreme law." In 1846 he was elected to Congress. After serving two years, he resigned to go to the Mexican War. He offered his services to President Polk and was appointed by him to enlist the Second Missouri Mounted Volunteers, with the commission of colonel. After the regiment was raised and rendezvoused at Fort Leavenworth, he declined the honor of the promotion conferred by the President, until it was voted upon by his men and he was unanimously elected by them. With this regiment he captured Taos, New Mexico. He commanded the Battle of Cañada, New Mexico, January 24, 1847; in July of the same year he was promoted to brigadier-general and later was appointed Military Governor of Chihuahua. On March 16, 1848, he won the Battle of Santa Cruz de Rosales. At the close of the war he returned with his troops to Missouri. They were accorded great consideration and open-handed hospitality. At the next general election, in 1852, General Price was elected Governor by a sweeping majority. While Governor he urged that the salary of his successor be raised. The act was passed, making it operative at once, but he never drew the balance due him. At the close of his four years of office, he retired to his farm in Chariton County, but not to retirement from public life, for he was State bank commissioner from 1857 to 1861. Only four tranquil years of country life was spent before the war between the States again called him to arms. He was chairman of the Second Constitutional Convention, which declared against slavery. When the Gamble Convention first met, he was a strong Union man. General Price loved the Government for which he had fought and bled, but to a Virginian States' rights came first. The precipitation of Federal forces and authority into the State by the capture of

Camp Jackson determined him to offer his military services to Governor Jackson in driving from the State such men as Lyon, and to maintain the purity of the Government by its own officials. It was not for secession. He organized a Missouri Army of mounted volunteers, called the State Guards, and was given the commission of major-general by Governor Jackson. It was a Missouri Army and marched under the flag of Missouri. This army fought the battles of Wilson Creek, Dry Fork, Lexington, Pea Ridge, and a score of others. It was not till after the Battle of Pea Ridge in March, 1862, that the flag of Missouri was folded and that of the Stars and Bars was raised. General Price then became a Confederate soldier and went to fight east of the Mississippi River. He was made major-general in the Confederate Army. He had endeared himself to his men and State with lasting ties. McElroy, in his "The Struggle for Missouri," and with small leaning to the Confederate side, describes him as "white-haired, large of frame, imposing, benignant, paternal, inflexible as to what he considered principles." He was of massive proportions, six feet two inches in stature. His face was ruddy and was framed by silver white hair and whiskers worn in the old English fashion. His voice was clear and ringing, suited to command. He had the bearing and ease of a polished gentleman. His men loved and venerated him; he loved and cared for them.

At the Battle of Lexington he recovered nine hundred thousand dollars from the Federal forces and returned it to the bank officials to whom it belonged. He was thanked by the Confederate Congress for ability shown in this engagement. During his Confederate service, the women of New Orleans presented him with a sword costing one thousand dollars in gold. General Price, as Grand Commander, with the assistance of Southern sympathizers who lived in the North, organized the American Knights of the State of Missouri. About twenty-five thousand Missourians associated themselves with this order. He made a raid into the State in September, 1864, getting as far north as Kansas City, really to the Kansas line, when he was driven back at the Battle of Westport and went south to Arkansas. His plan to secure recruits from the American Knights of Missouri had been frustrated by General Rosecrans, of the Federal forces. After the war, General Price went to Mexico and obtained from the Archduke Maximilian a grant of land near Cordova and founded a colony of ex-Confederate officers. With the downfall of Maximilian the grant became worthless, and in 1867 General Price returned to St. Louis. He

opened up a tobacco commission warehouse on Commercial Street, under the name of Sterling Price. He died at his home on Chouteau Avenue, September 29, 1867. His remains rests in beautiful Bellefontaine, the leading cemetery of St. Louis. His wife was Miss Shepard, of Chariton County, Missouri. She died during the war. The Shepard family were originally from Albemarle County, Virginia. Four children, three sons and a daughter, survived him: Stump, Celsus, Celeste, who married R. B. Willis, a wholesale dry goods merchant of Galveston, and Quintus, the only one of the immediate family now living.

THE UPTON HAYS BRIGADE.

By Albert N. Doerschuk.

Upton Hays was commissioned as a captain of cavalry in the Confederate Army in 1861, for the purpose of raising troops in and around Westport, to be taken south for the defense of the Confederacy. Recruits came in rapidly, so that his company was soon a regiment engaged in defending property in Jackson County and vicinity belonging to Southern sympathizers against marauders and the Kansas invasion. His title was raised to colonel of the Second Missouri Cavalry, and under this he fought and won the Battle of Lone Jack, than which no more sanguinary conflict was fought in the West. His regiment after this was much above the usual thousand men and was named a brigade, in which many men enlisted and were drilled and sent forward in companies to join other troops. It is estimated that more than five thousand men joined this command as stationed in Jackson County. At the height of his career Col. Hays, in leading a charge on Wisconsin troops near Newtonia, Missouri, was shot through the head, and thus ended the career of one of Missouri's bravest citizens.

Col. Upton Hays was a Missourian. He lived in Jackson County. He was a man that never knew an hour of fear. Perhaps no finer horseman ever rode hard over the prairies. He was brave, generous, true, devoted, noble—a patriot. Is it any wonder, then, that when the rallying bugles sounded for volunteers, Upton Hays should gallop straight to the front? To him a forlorn hope was a sure token of victory. The fiery crown of Lone Jack sat well above the eyes of "him who was the first in all that bright company." In his distress and chagrin at the occupancy of Westport by a greatly superior number of Federals at about the time of Order No. 11, he with two brave comrades one fine fall afternoon, while the streets of Westport were crowded with soldiers and citizens and all things invited life, invited death by a bold gallop to the "square" in front of the Harris House hotel, where on a tall pole was hoisted a large new silk flag, only recently presented to the commandant by the loyal ladies of Westport; this flag was made of fine silk, hard to obtain at that time, at the home of Mrs. Little; and among those surviving who helped in this labor of love are Mrs. Susan Carter Gerhart, Susan Dillon, and Mrs. —— Hank Aiken, Upton Hays cut the halliards, lowered the flag, wrapped it

UPTON HAYS,
Colonel 2d Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A.

around his body, and spurred out of town with derisive yells at the guards, whose lives they might easily have taken, but humanely spared. Col. Hays had this flag sewed to the lining of his overcoat and wore this at the time he was shot, and it formed a part of the shroud in which he was buried. His brigade had in it the best blood of Jackson County; had in it men who at a word would have ridden booted and spurred into eternity. And oh, so many, so many did ride this gait to death! After Lone Jack three regiments marched southward rapidly. Death made sad havoc later with the commanding officer in the field, but to destroy and to kill is the fate of war. To show his peerless self-possession, it is known that he snapped six caps upon one revolver before his enemies could bring a carbine to a present; this tells of his wonderful dexterity. The powder was wet, and thus in full prowess he left the field and life and all its joys that were to him so dear.

Col. Upton Hays, in addition to being a hero, was a Free Mason, and belonged to the Golden Square Lodge, No. 107, located in Westport. His wife and family underwent all the privation and horrors of war at their home at Sixty-third Street and Prospect Avenue, which was maliciously burned about 1864. His wife still lives in California. After the death of Col. Hays, Lieut.-Col. Shank succeeded in command of this brigade, which nobly acquitted itself in the Battle of Westport and in subsequent engagements. H. J. Vivian was major in Upton Hays's regiment; of him John Kritser, now marshal of Taylor, Texas, who served in this command, says: "There was no better or more fearless horseman or soldier in the Civil War than Major Vivian. He was tall, erect, wore a small military goatee, and distinguished himself particularly on the field of Lone Jack, where he was several times wounded." "He was the hero of all the ladies; in fact, his worst trouble was to keep from getting married," says Col. George P. Gross. Major Vivian still lives in Kansas City, at 2901 Campbell Street.

Survivors in 1912 of men enlisted in the service of the Confederacy at Kansas City, under the Upton Hays Brigade:

Jeff Boggs, Lee's Summit, Mo., Co. E.
John Brown, Oak Grove, Mo.
J. M. Burrus, Kansas City, Mo., Co. B.
Davis Clark, Blue Springs, Mo.
Pat Costello, Buckner, Mo.
Willis Duncan, Lee's Summit, Mo.
C. C. Fields, Independence, Mo., R. F. D. No. 3, Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

Charles Duncan, Oak Grove, Mo.

W. W. Fields, Independence, Mo., R. F. D. No. 3, Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

J. H. George, Oak Grove, Mo., Co. D.

T. A. Gill, Kansas City, Mo., Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

William Greer, Lexington, Mo.

A. G. Hall, Independence, Mo., Co. H.

Joseph Hahn, Oak Grove, Mo.

James Hambright, Buckner, Mo., Co. E.

Sam Hamilton, Greenwood, Mo., Co. E.

—. —. Harding, Oak Grove, Mo., Co. D.

Alex. Holloway, Kansas City, Mo., Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

Jno. G. Holloway Kansas City, Mo., Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

Wm. Holloway, Kansas City, Mo., Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

Wm. Hopkins, Blue Springs, Mo., Co. B.

Jno. T. House, Little Blue, Mo., Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

Wm. M. Johnson, Shawnee Mission, Kas.

John Kritser, Taylor, Tex.

H. V. P. Kabrick, Oak Grove, Mo.

O. H. Lewis, Lee's Summit, Mo., Co. E.

W. H. Mills, Kansas City, Mo., Co. K.

E. A. Morre, Grain Valley, Mo., Co. K.

William Muir, Lee's Summit, Mo.

Thomas Noland, Lee's Summit, Mo.

E. B. Pallett, Oak Grove, Mo.

David Scrivner, Belton, Mo., Co. E.

Frank Smith, Blue Springs, Mo., Co. B.

W. T. Smith, Independence, Mo.

Alfred Spainhouer, Lone Jack, Mo., Co. G.

William Spainhouer, Lone Jack, Mo., Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

L. S. Steele, Lawrence, Kas., Co. K, Maj. H. J. Vivian.

Joseph St. Clair, Blue Springs, Mo.

John W. Tatum, Blue Springs, Mo., Co. B.

Thos. B. Tatum, Blue Springs, Mo., Co. B.

Jno. W. Tyer, Lee's Summit, Mo., Co. E.

Jno. P. Webb, Oak Grove, Mo.

F. M. Webb, Oak Grove, Mo.

J. A. Webb, Independence, Mo., R. F. D. No. 3.

Jas. S. Whitsett, Vega, Tex., Co. E.

George Wiggenton, Independence, Mo., Co. B.

Maj. H. J. Vivian, 2901 Campbell St., Kansas City, Mo., Co. K.

WAR OF 1812 CENTENNIAL YEAR.

This is the centennial year of the War of 1812. One hundred years ago the United States engaged in the second great conflict with England, and won the freedom of the seas.

The Society of the Descendants of the Soldiers and Sailors engaged in the conflict have a very active organization in this city. The local chapters are collecting data concerning the use of the Kansas and Missouri rivers, when they were commercial highways in the early days of Westport.

From 1812 to 1912 the United States has given quite as much attention to the commerce on the waters as on the land, and this period has seen the rise and fall of the Missouri River commerce.

Just a century since Francis Scott Key gave to America her national air, "The Star-spangled Banner," in which the sons of the North and the sons of Dixie join to-day with the sons of the sea, a united land with the freedom of the waters on rivers and seas.

The centennial exercises commemorating the greatest naval battle the world has ever known are especially suggestive. Perry's flag-ship, the *Niagara*, is being raised and the National Society of the Descendants of 1812 have arranged most appropriate centennial services, and the guests from England are to be as numerous as the guests from America were at the unveiling of the chapel at Princeton, England, a few years ago; the same being a memorial to the soldiers and sailors lost in this war.

The next reunion at Westport should emphasize the idea of the port which was, in fact, the life of its municipal existence. Why not raise the boats that are resting in the Missouri? Why not run a set of boats on the river again, and, in defiance of superstition, name them after the victors of 1812?

"Don't give up the ship, boys." The river also has some history which, in connection with William Becknell's pack-mule train in 1812, is worthy of particular mention in this centennial celebration.

BATTLE OF WESTPORT.

In May, 1864, President Lincoln, in a letter to General Rosecrans, asked him to inform the Government concerning the secret organizations in Missouri that were recruiting for the Army of the Confederacy, whereupon General Rosecrans issued his famous General Order No. 107, calling upon all loyal, able-bodied men of Missouri to enlist in the Federal Army.

Early in the month of September, 1864, a rumor that Major-General Sterling Price, with the Army of the Trans-Mississippi, then occupying the territory of southern Arkansas, contemplated another of his famous raids through Missouri and into Kansas, was little credited by the Federal commander, Major-General W. S. Rosecrans, then stationed at St. Louis. However, he sent east for Major-General Alfred F. Pleasanton to take the field command of all the troops in the Department of Missouri that were to take the field in opposing any movement of Price in the State. It became apparent early in October that Price was planning a well-organized invasion that must be met with the combined strength of this army and the Army of the Border under Major-General Samuel R. Curtis, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. To this end Rosecrans ordered troops numbering about 9,000 fighting men to assemble at the State capital and General Pleasanton took command.

Price's advance to within sight of Jefferson City was marked by successful skirmishes and a genuine scare to the city of St. Louis, the first objective point of "the hope" of the Confederacy.

Before this second objective point there was a strong unexplainable retreat, the reason for which was entombed in the brain of General Price; but this foiled the plan of Rosecrans to catch the "old fox" by engaging him in battle around his supposed coveted goal in Missouri. What actually happened was a maneuver by Fagan's division which gave Price time to move his forces and an immense wagon train into a line of march, headed for the third objective point, Kansas City. Rosecrans had kept Curtis fully informed, and in anticipation of this movement the Army of the Border fortified with extensive earthworks along the western bank of the Big Blue River south to Hickman

Mills and before Kansas City; also connecting that city with Wyandotte, Kansas, by a floating bridge.

The Ten Days' March.

Characterized with an obsolete military plan of daily review, by marching the rear division to the front each morning, while the "driftwood" of Missouri, if armed, joined the ranks as fighting timber; if unarmed, they were mobilized with the wagon train. "The drum" certainly sounded in the ear of all Confederate sympathizers, and the sentiment of Alexander Hamilton's old favorite song was enacted. Raw recruits from Missouri, Quantrill the Raider and "Bill" Anderson, with armed forces, joined Price. The Confederate organizations reported for duty several thousand strong. Considerable care was taken by the Confederate leaders in the assignment of division commanders under Price: Maj.-Gen. James F. Fagan, First Divison; Maj.-Gen. John S. Marmaduke, Second Division; Brig.-Gen. Joseph O. Shelby, Third Division. The combined strength of the three divisions was about 9,000 men.

Political points must here be eliminated, but space is given to mention two political aspirants. Thomas C. Reynolds, Lieutenant-Governor under Jackson's deposed administration and claimant to the gubernatorial seat in Missouri, was with Price's army. "The Reynolds Manuscript," published for the first time in 1905, by Paul B. Jenkins in his book, "The Battle of Westport," is the unfinished escutcheon that the key to the Confederate plans in Missouri probably fitted. With "The Army of the Border," assigned to staff duty, was the Republican nominee for Governor of Kansas, Hon. S. J. Crawford, who has written a very good account of "The Battle of Westport" in his "Kansas in the Sixties," published in 1911. Judge John F. Phillips published a good account in the *Star* in May, 1912.

Political conditions in Kansas threatened the success of Curtis to mobilize the Militia, but with his order for the troops to assemble at Kansas City, he also placed Kansas under martial law. The question was, Could he take the Militia out of the State? He did, and was awaiting Price's army, whose van engaged his scouts about three miles south of Lexington. The sharp little engagement caused Price to halt his whole army and Shelby's division to put his artillery in action. General Blunt, commanding the Federal scouts, then fell back to the bank of the Little Blue, eight miles east of Independence. Shelby's remark, that he "either met Blunt or the Devil," has gained great popularity.

JUDGE JOHN F. PHILIPS,
Colonel Seventh Missouri Federal Cavalry.

On the 20th General Curtis, at Blunt's request, reinforced him by ordering the Fourth Brigade, under Col. Ford, and the Independent Battery of Colorado Volunteers, under Captain McLain, to join Blunt's forces. He commanded them that they contest every inch of Price's advance, to compel him to develop an attack, thus fighting back to the trenches at the Big Blue River. Blunt's position at the Little Blue was well chosen. An admiring aide on his staff said: "Had he been reinforced, he could have held the bridge until Grant reached Appomatox." As a last detail, he fell back at dusk, ordering Major Martin Anderson and two companies of the Eleventh Kansas to haul a load of hay on the bridge, which was to be fired upon the approach of the Confederates.

This was Fagan's day in the van of Price's army; to-morrow he would be in the rear with the train, and Major-General Marmaduke (the flower of Southern chivalry) would lead Price's army, supported by the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, Col. Robert Law leading, reinforced by a detachment of the Third Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Greene, and the Seventh Missouri Cavalry, under Col. S. G. Kitchen. On the dawn of this to-morrow, October 21st, Blunt's men would fire the bridge in the face of their splendid foe. When General Curtis came upon the scene at daybreak, Blunt's troops were on the west side of the little stream, prepared to give battle.

The brigade was dismounted and arrayed on a wooded slope. Moonlight's men and four howitzers in the center, Jennison's men on the right, the Third Wisconsin Cavalry forming his right, the Fifteenth Kansas Cavalry forming his left. Ford on Moonlight's left, with McLain's Colorado Battery in the center of his line, the Sixteenth Kansas to the left of it, and the Second Colorado at the right.

While the line was waiting for the Confederates' attack Curtis rode up and took command, and the men of the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry greeted him with "Rally 'round the flag, boys."

In Gen. Marmaduke's report he said his engineering company improvised another bridge, but the most of his men forded the little stream and opened fire upon the Federals. General Curtis himself directed first the resistance, then an orderly retreat. The second Colorado Cavalry lost their major-general, J. H. Smith, in this engagement. Captain G. L. Grove, Company G, Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, died in the Harris House in Westport a few days later; this hotel being used as a hospital.

General Curtis's personal escort numbered about forty military men. Fifteen of the forty men had their horses shot from

under them, while Curtis so fearlessly resisted the onslaught of Marmaduke. Major R. H. Hunt, with two howitzers attached to Curtis's personal escort, did some distinguished ervice and shares with Major-General Ross, of the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, and an orderly named Bloomer, the honor of saving a gun by cutting the harness from the dead horses; in the act Major Hunt was struck by a piece of an exploding shell. General Marmaduke had two horses killed in this engagement while he was in the saddle. The Confederate loss is unknown. Blunt estimates the Federal loss at about 200 killed, wounded, and missing.

On the 21st General Curtis received at Independence a telegram that in the Shenandoah, Sheridan had defeated Early. Messages of the news of this Federal victory were sent to all the troops; by the same messengers he also made public his determined intention to strike a decisive blow to check the invading army in Missouri at the Big Blue the next day. General Price also sent a message into Kansas City, stating that he would take supper in Fort Leavenworth in two days, his chief objective point; evidently with the design of causing Curtis to flank him on the south and thereby weakening his force protecting the Independence road into Kansas City. The night of the 21st General Curtis gave his personal attention to the fortifications at Wyandotte, moving several of the regiments, whose leaders had been instructed that they could not move them beyond the borders of the State, by certain political demagogues, and, after securing as well as he could against the possible "get away" of Price into "the borders" of Kansas, his fourth objective point, with Fort Leavenworth his ultimate aim, General Curtis rode to his field headquarters, located about where Fifteenth Street crosses the Big Blue River. Along the line of this *treacherous stream,* from where it pours its waters into the Missouri south to Hickman Mills, was almost fifteen miles of efficient trenches, a magnificent battle-line. By felling trees the fordable places in the stream had been obstructed, and the crossings were fortified with reinforced ditches. They did not consider the advantage the trees on the opposite bank were to be to their adversaries.

The Position of the Men.

The troops to the left of Curtis' headquarters, extending to the Missouri River, were under the general command of Maj.-Gen. G. W. Deitzler, of the Kansas Militia, 250 men of the Fourth Kansas guarding the mouth of the Blue on the extreme north end; next south was the Second Kansas Colored State

Militia, under Captains R. J. Hinton and J. L. Rafety; next south the Sixth Kansas State Militia Regiment, commanded by Col. Jas. Montgomery (succeeding Col. J. S. Snoddy). The Ninth Wisconsin Battery, under Captain James H. Dodge and the famous Independence Colorado Battery, spoken of also as the Second Colorado Cavalry (whose leader was killed at the Little Blue), Major J. H. Pritchard now in command, next in line; and completing Curtis's left wing was the Tenth Kansas and a section of the Second Kansas, under Lieutenant D. C. Knowles; south of them at Byrom's Ford, under Colonel W. D. McLain, the Fourth Kansas, holding the reinforced trenches. To their right the war partners, Jennison's First Brigade and Moonlight's Second Brigade of Kansas Volunteer Cavalry lined up as far south as Hickman Mills Crossing, which was held by Brig.-Gen. M. S. Grant with 100 men and one brass howitzer. This handful of men from Kansas with the gun were from the Second and Twenty-first Kansas, under Captain J. T. Burnes, of the Second Kansas. Against this splendid battle-line early in the morning Price moved his fighting force, with Shelby in the van; his advance guard drove in the outposts and pickets immediately in front of General Curtis's headquarters. Price was too shrewd an old soldier to get his army into the death-trap—the Missouri River on the north, Pleasanton's forces on the east, Curtis on the west with a right flank maneuver to effect the concentration of his troops; but Curtis, apprehending his plan to make an attack on the Federal left—that attention might be drawn from his right—warned his right wing, and fell back to a position where he could watch the game; Price then massed his men along the eastern bank of the Big Blue in the face of the Kansas fire and did some courageous and tenacious fighting. Shelby's guns answered those of Jennison, Moonlight, and Blair, and then the Confederate cavalry dismounted and crept up close to the water's edge; from behind trees they kept up an interesting fire, which was with equal energy returned by the Federals. At this point Curtis sent a message to his right wing saying to look out for an attack, because Price was making but feeble demonstrations before his left. As expected, they moved along the line little by little to the southward, evidently testing the strength of the line, hoping to capture a crossing or to drive Curtis's right wing back to the trenches at Kansas City, thereby gaining Westport. Between 3 and 5 o'clock there was desperate fighting on both sides, with practically all the troops of the Confederate Army engaging with the combined Federal forces of twice their number. The routing of Marmaduke through the fields west of

Independence was going on at the same time that the "raw recruits" along Curtis's extreme south line forsook the battle and did a little exercising on their own hook. Col. A. S. Johnson's (unlucky) Thirteenth Kansas Regiment seemed to be flying a well-known motto of the '60s, "Bound for Kansas," instead of the flag of chivalry. They were farmers accustomed to giving orders under this motto:

"Whoa there, Bill! go 'long there, Buck!
Bound for Kansas—darn my luck!"

But Major T. I. McKenny, inspector-general of Curtis's forces, suspecting that they were getting cold feet, was in their rear, and when they ran he checked their speed with a life-and-death proposition, but allowed them to fall back in a decent order of retreat. The "gap" they left was quickly filled by the enemy, flanking Jennison's and Moonlight's brigade and cutting off completely General M. S. Grant at the Hickman Mills crossing, who lost by capture the men of the Second Kansas under him and the State's big brass gun, but made his escape, as did Veale and his men of the Twenty-first Kansas. Colonel Bonebrake's article published in this booklet is an account of his personal experience in this retreat.

Jennison's and Moonlight's brigade, at this unexpected break in the line, formed quickly and marched in a parallel line westward with the onward movement of Shelby's and Fagan's forces that poured through the gap; Curtis ordered Major R. H. Hunt, his chief of artillery, to lead the mounted men of his personal escort, Company G of the Eleventh Kansas, to a position at the head of Jennison's line to check Shelby's advance toward Westport. Their attack on Shelby's head kept him from seizing the town Saturday evening.

Marmaduke's routing, even in retreat, was sure to be of advantage to Price's attack; he could fall into line north of Fagan's forces at the Blue, and move southward with the main army. Maj.-Gen. Sterling Price had also a well-planned battle-field and a fairly good loophole for retreat toward Fort Scott, Kansas. This point offered certain advantages toward getting back through Arkansas with his "recruits" in the event of his complete failure, and may justly be called "his last resort," or sixth objective point.

One company of Jennison's artillery kept up their firing to so late an hour that Brigadier-General Shelby professed himself "tired of its d——d noise," and ordered Col. Sidney D. Jackman and Col. F. B. Gordon to go over and take it, under

corn-field cover, by a flank movement. They had the pleasure of obeying his order completely, and brought back also the erstwhile enthusiastic gunners and two Kansas artillery flags seized by Captains McCoy and Wood, of the Fifth Missouri, which were presented to Major-General Sterling Price at the close of the day, October 22, 1864.

Moonlight went into camp at Shawnee Mission. Pleasanton's Army of Pursuit that night came on through to Independence and occupied the country between the town and the Big Blue River north of the territory held by Price's rear guard to the wagon train, which had been drawn up to and moved south of the "gap." Sanborn's brigade and Pleasanton's van encamped at Byrom's Ford, supported by Winslow's brigade to his north. Brown's and McNeil's brigades camped in the open country between them and the Westport road to Independence. Pleasanton had pushed Marmaduke's van up to the Confederate rear line south of Westport, but his rear occupied the trenches on the Big Blue, where he encamped for the night.

The Confederates' council of war was not the only council that was held that night. The Wyandotte, Kansas, folk had a "pow-wow," and demanded certain precautions to be taken by the Army of the Border for their protection.

At nightfall Curtis had ordered Deitzler's brigade and Blair's brigade into the ditches in front of Kansas City. Moonlight, as we have seen, was at Shawnee Mission. Jennison's brigade was in the trenches south of Westport. Kersey Coates and his splendid body of Kansas City Home Guards spent the night in the trenches in front of Kansas City and doing outpost and picket duty in the field; many of them doing splendid messenger service, plying between the divisions of the Army of the Border with news and orders.

The old Harris House at Westport was that night a Federal hospital, but it was destined in one short day to extend its hospitality to both the Blue and the Gray. The humane women of Westport, it is said, knew no distinction.

At Gen. Curtis's headquarters for the night, the old Gilliss Hotel, there was a real council of war, official; participated in between the officers commanding the troops and the volunteer aides. While the voting men slept in the trenches in Missouri, politicians walked the floor for fear the Militia would not get back to Kansas by the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

The official council of the officers preparatory to next day's battle was to no little extent hampered by this sort of volunteer

aid; when Curtis was hard pressed by Senator "Jim" Lane over a point concerning the movement of troops from the Kansas border, General Blunt asked him for orders.

Preparations for the morning campaign had been going on all night and ammunition-wagons had supplied Jennison and Moonlight to the capacity of each soldier; the battle had been carefully planned. At the witching hour of three came the order. General Blunt, who was anxious to fight, Deitzler and Blair, taking the three roads to the southward, were to move out of the Kansas City trenches with their commands before daybreak, leaving the earthworks to be held by the Home Guards; they were ordered to form the reserve. Ford's brigade on the hills just north of Westport had spent the night in boots and saddles, but were now ordered south of the little city to Jennison's left; the latter commander had orders to move southward to Brush Creek, to a point near where the Wornall road crosses the stream. Col. Moonlight's orders were, to go into action on the right of the Fedeal line south of Westport. McLain's Independent Battery, Colorado Volunteers, with six rifled field-pieces, and the Twelfth Kansas Militia supported the line between the road that is now Troost Avenue and Ford's left. "Open the attack at daybreak all along the line" was the general order from Major-General Samuel R. Curtis. The Confederate line was formed with "Fighting Joe" Shelby in front of Westport, Fagan east of Shelby's division, and Marmaduke's van just east of Fagan's position, his rear-guard in the trenches at the Big Blue.

When the Sabbath day peeped over the eastern horizon as the spy, the hosts along the Big Blue first met the eye. Reversed from the scene of yesterday, the Confederates under Marmaduke, with his famous rear-guard, were in the trenches that the Kansans had deserted the evening before, and Pleasanton's army of pursuit was on the east bank and at earliest dawn opened fire, hoping to rout the guard and pass through the "gap" and crush Price's invasion. Colonel Winslow, whose troops had kept up firing until after midnight the night before, was still in the advance, yet the colonel knew he should have fallen back at the advance of Brown, who had received the midnight order to relieve him. Pleasanton was informed that someone had blundered; quick to his saddle, the general, who was "every inch a soldier," summoning his staff to accompany him, dashed away at full speed to the front. Brown had disobeyed orders. No sooner had the general grasped the situation than he was galloping away again at full speed in the direction of Brown's division. The general, who had sent him an order

with a reason ("because your command has as yet done no fighting"), now demanded of him why it was not obeyed. The answer that Winslow had made no room for him, when there was the whole State of Missouri, brought from the commanding officer that most dreadful of all orders to an officer, "To the rear," and Brown was never re-instated. Pleasanton would hear no excuse or explanation from Brown himself. "Who's next in command?" he asked. Colonel Philips answered, "I." His Seventh Missouri Cavalry was then in the field under T. T. Crittenden. "You take command of this brigade." He ordered him at once to the front and to the fight; in this Pleasanton was obeying his superior officer, Rosecrans, who had commanded him by wire to vigorously push the enemy in accordance with the telegram that General Curtis had sent to Rosecrans in Independence on the 21st.

The delay of this portion of the troops was sufficent to let Marmaduke get much of the advantage, and the fight he presently put up showed the Kansans how they might have held the works the day before. Phillips led Brown's brigade against the three guns of Marmaduke that had been placed in an advantageous position commanding the road and the ford, and he plowed down upon the mounted men with death-dealing certainty. The Third Brigade, under Sanborn, joined Phillips and Winslow in a dismounted charge upon the works. The timber was so thick that a mounted advance was impossible: their first attack had proven this; the ground was strewn with horses and men. "A horrible loss," one officer reported. "The fighting was as fierce as possible; several hundred men fell in the action." However, a heroic flank movement to the southward was executed while the main body was fiercely trying to cause Marmaduke's evacuation of the ditches by carrying their principal attack a few hundred yards to the northward along the line of the Big Blue while the flank maneuverers fell back to Byrom's Ford. It was successful, and not only the crossing was gained, but the Confederate line broke in several places and the Fourteenth Cavalry, under Major-General W. Kelley, and the Seventh, under Crittenden, waded over, with their guns above their heads in many instances, in the face of a most terrific fire from the gunners on the slope, where the fighting men of Marmaduke had re-arranged themselves.

Over the steep west bank came the Army of Pursuit with their splendid charging force, Phillips riding ahead of the unmounted men. At the timber edge the men lay down and reinforcements and ammunition supplies were ordered. Across the ford came Winslow's brigade, upon the run, and formed in line

in front of Philips's reclining men. Benteen, with reinforcements and ammunition supplies, also rushed into the field and formed in battle-line to the right of Winslow's men. The air began to thicken with bullets; Marmaduke's sharpshooters firing from behind every conceivable protection, even climbing to the tree-tops. Crittenden's and Philips's men, now well supplied with the necessary lead, rose to the fury of the battle, while all the men advanced in one glorious charge up the slope. Crittenden and Winslow were both struck in this engagement, but up the slope went the Army of Pursuit, and the men of Company A, Third Indiana, captured a flag.

Several officers reported this charge as the hardest fought point of the day's conflict; around the log-cabin at the top of the slope it was a hand-to-hand engagement. Philips's, Benteen's, and Winslow's men bore superior arms, and on a field sixty yards wide there was a perfect shower of bullets, which broke Marmaduke's last desperate stand. When he retreated to save his guns, the Army of Pursuit advanced to meet the Army of the Border on the field of Westport and was greeted with a yell from the busy Kansans. This about one o'clock p. m.

Dawn found the Army of the Trans-Mississippi ready with their commander, Maj.-Gen. Sterling Price, in his headquarters on the field; General Curtis at the old Gilliss House; troops on both sides all arrayed. The guns of McLain exchanged shots with Shelby's guns; as the Federal troops marched boldly into the trenches and opened a brisk fire, this was promptly returned by the ever-ready Confederates. Presently the troops in the trenches directly south of Westport with bold bravado crossed Brush Creek and from the woods on the other side charged into the open between the bluff on which Shelby had placed his fighting men on the timber's edge; with great valor and the famous "Rebel yell," down from their stronghold the Confederates swarmed and vigorously rushed the boys in blue back through the brush to their own side of the creek. By this time fighting was general all along the line and two or three points were especially notable.

Fagan's division east of Shelby exchanged brisk banters with Ford's command, lying across the creek in front of him; Marmaduke's van opposing the Federal line, east of what is now Troost Avenue, was sharply encountered on the part of the Federal leader, with the hope of driving his van back to the Blue.

Let us return to the lines in front of Westport. Both sides seemed to content themselves for some time after this first encounter with drawing back to their respective vantage-grounds

and shooting at each other. This was hard on Westport, for many of Shelby's shells went over the heads of his foe into the streets; one exploded just nort of the Harris House, which was the field headquarters of the Federal officers.

Now "Fighting Joe" Shelby's men advanced to attack; they attempted to rush down from the ridge or bluffs along the creek and dash upon the left wing of the Federal lines; they were met half way in this maneuver by two regiments of Kansas Militia, who charged into the creek-bed as if to redeem themselves. They drove this attacking body back to the Confederate lines. Both sides had now made a daring dash, proving that they were very equally pitted against each other. In this left flank attempt Shelby's men got as near Fort Leavenworth, the chief objective point in the hope of the Army of the Trans-Mississipi, as they ever got, and the action, though repulsed, was executed. The First and Nineteenth Kansas repulsed this attack. We mention this because the latter was one of the latest regiments assigned by General Curtis, and he mentions this especially in his report of the day, as "raw recruits." As has been noted, Shelby's division gained some ground at a point where the Wornall road crosses Brush Creek. He was the object of the second charge of the Federals, but the advance was made general all along the line. The bluffs at this place are particularly steep and the attacking forces were at a disadvantage, and this division of "Fighting Joe's" army could fight some too, so the aggressors were compelled to leave the bluffs in their possession; Major-General Deitzler tried to get the howitzer in action here, but their resistance was too sharp, and he agreed with Blunt that the troops could not take the slope, and reported to General Curtis, who was booted and spurred, and quick to the saddle, was on his way to the field headquarters. He mounted to the top of the old Harris House, and with several aides he watched the game of contending forces. The late Senator Plumb, of Kansas, was one of his aides, and has left us quite a graphic description of the scene of battle. Ford, Blunt, Blair, Deitzler, and Jennison, with Moonlight further west on the right wing, he names in the order of their position in the field, as against Shelby, Fagan, and Marmaduke's van. The attack just repulsed Shelby's right and Fagan's head, but had proved too much for the left wing in the defense of Westport line; they had taken the bluffs, steep, rocky, and rising above the densely wooded south bank of the creek, which at this point surely was characteristic of its name, Brush Creek, and they were able to hold it. Curtis and his aides saw this fight south of Westport; his whole line, except Moonlight,

was engaged with Shelby and Fagan's divisions. It is now eight o'clock, and since daybreak the Federals have been repulsed in every action, have practically no grounds, and have lost at this point of advantage. At Wornall road Ford's mounted brigade had at eight o'clock crossed over to the south side of the stream, and Moonlight had, after repulsing the van of Shelby, moved his position down a little on the right, now partly flanking the van of "Fighting Joe's" forces, before Westport. We have seen how at this hour Marmaduke's rear was trying, and very successfully too, to keep the Army of Pursuit east of the Big Blue. Curtis, about ten o'clock, sent word all along his line that he was coming to the field to lead the attack, and ordered a general advance and a fight, the order was obeyed and with general success; the commands of Moonlight and Ford, the extreme right and left wings, compelled the Confederates' line to waver and left the tug of war for the brigades of Jennison, Blair, and Blunt, in the center of the line. Those troops that had made the gap in the line at the Big Blue the day before were now in the thickest of the fight, and to their credit, Curtis said in his report, they fought like experienced soldiers, but added that they had had a strong tendency for the border up to this time, or words to this effect. Curtis remained in the front of this center division. Blunt, Jennison, and Deitzler encouraged their men, but the first attempt to charge the bluffs failed; Curtis then employed the artillery under his efficient chief, Major Hunt, and he made a second and very determined attempt to lead the men up the hill. Lieutenant Edward Gill received commendation for his vigorous work with the guns at this time, but again the troops fell back, and it began to look like the heights could not be taken, so determined was the resistance of Shelby's fighting men. At this point appeared "that old Missouri pioneer" who knew the lay of the land, and gaining the ear of Curtis, told him of a break in the ledge, a "gap" Curtis called it in his report; by passing to the southward he could avoid the steepness of the bluff, and quickly Curtis made use of the suggestion; the men were not detected in this movement until the success of the guns had been recognized by the wavering Confederate forces. Curtis having thus extricated his men from Brush Creek, the immediate results were in favor of his guns, and the men, encouraged, now carried the fight before them into the more open fields, near where the Country Club is now located.

The whole Army of the Border to a man now went into earnest action and attempted to rout the enemy. The Confederates had lost their stronghold before Westport, and yet the

resistance that they put up was marked and praiseworthy; they fought like men in the open field, but gradually lost ground. This break in the Confederate line, which occurred about 11 a. m., weakened Marmaduke's position at Byrom's Ford, who was compelled to send three pieces of his artillery to the open fields near the Country Club, in the efforts which were being made there to check the Federal onslaught. The Confederate officers saw that the success of this Federal movement was filled with danger to their position and made a determined but fruitless stand at the Wornall House; around this home occurred one of the sharpest engagements of the day. McGee's regiment of cavalry charged against McLain's batteries; Jennison, observing this, commanded Captain Johnson, of the Fifteenth Kansas Cavalry, to join him, and these two officers led this company and two squadrons of the Second Colorado Cavalry in a fierce counter-charge against McGee; they met in a short, desperate man-to-man struggle, in which the Confederates lost 100 and the Federals 15 men. This was one of the bloodiest engagements of the Battle of Westport, and within an hour the Wornall home became a hospital for the Blue and the Gray, and the wounded men on both sides received like attention and hospitality here. The near-duel which occurred between McGee and Johnson resulted in the death of the one and the other was severely wounded.

Brig.-Gen. M. Jeff Thompson reported this action as the turn of the tide against Price, and it was well said, as the countercharge led by Jennison with only one squadron of the Second Colorado routed them from their position: he then sent for reinforcements, and the entire Kansas Artillery, being thirteen howitzers and eighteen brass Parrotted guns, moved up to his position, which was never disputed by the Confederates.

At this hour the Army of Pursuit and the Army of the Border united on the field of Westport, a combined force twenty thousand strong, now confronted the Army of the Trans-Mississippi and Price's invasion was near the end; the end, we may say, so far as Missouri was concerned.

THE CASUALTIES OF THE THREE-DAYS FIGHT.

There is some interesting history concerning the resting-place of the dead that fell at the Battle of Westport. Many of the Confederate soldiers have been reinterred twice since they were buried on the field of battle by the Kansas City Home Guards, commanded by A. M. Allen. They were first reinterred in what was known as the Byrom's Ford Cemetery, Seventy-first Street and Troost Avenue. They remained there until they were removed to their final resting-place in Forest Hill Cemetery.

Twenty bodies of Federal dead, after the Battle of the Little Blue, were taken to Wyandotte and interred in what is known as the old Huron Place Cemetery; they were allowed to rest there only three days, because the Indians refused to let the United States Army use the ground that was then and is now the red-man's burial-place. The bodies were in a dreadful condition, past recognition, but they were taken to Lawrence and Topeka for burial. The soldiers that reached Topeka were met by a mourning city, and a very appropriate funeral service was held and the bodies placed far to the outer edge of what is now the city limits; until lately no association has ever marked these graves, but they are soon to have a suitable monument.

"Who does not march, in dreams, to that old air
Called 'Dixie's Land,' and see the barred flag fly
Proudly 'mid smoke where battle's blinding glare
Of sheeted flame shows how brave men can die?

"Ye of the South built new upon the old
Foundations, 'round which sacred mem'ries creep:
I only ask that you retain, unsold,
Those grass-grown hillocks where dead comrades sleep."

The object of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States; to protect historic places of the Confederacy; to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the war; to aid in erecting monuments to the heroes of the Confederacy; to fulfill the duties of grateful kindness toward the survivors of the war and those dependent upon

them, and to cherish the ties of friendship which these sacred principles impose upon the members of this Association.

Nearly fifty years have passed since contending armies met in mighty conflict in and near Westport.

Fields that smiled fair and green in the morning sunlight at the close of day were soaked by a crimson flood, which bespoke the sacrifice of the lives of so many of the heroic sons of Missouri. Price, Marmaduke, and Shelby were there, and gave their best efforts for the cause they loved so well. Then it was that Westport's women, with tender, sympathetic touch as they bent over the wounded, robbed suffering of its pangs.

Nearly half a century, and to-day the Southern women of Missouri rejoice that the angel of peace smiles where grim-visaged war once frowned. The scars made during that awful fratricidal conflict are nearly all effaced, and historic old Westport hears only in memory the roar of cannon and the shriek of shot and shell. She has destroyed all traces of bitterness as she extends a welcome to her friends; she knows no foes, because time has so mellowed hatred that it has been absorbed in fraternal love.

The women of the South have been ever conspicuous for their loyalty to the Southern cause. Indeed, someone has said that had it not been for the Southern women the war would never have lasted so long.

To-day the United Daughters of the Confederacy, descendants of the Southern men and women of the sixties, are busy comforting the old soldiers who wore the gray, and ministering to their every need.

It was for this purpose and to provide a "Home for ex-Confederates" that the association known as Daughters of the Confederacy was formed by the women of St. Louis in 1891. This was merged into the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1898. In Fayette, Missouri, in that year, the Missouri Division was formed, and this has spread until thirty-four active chapters are now on its roster.

Kansas City Chapter, No. 149, third on the list, has been particularly identified with Westport and its surroundings. In Forest Hill Cemetery stands a beautiful monument erected by this chapter, at a cost of $5,000, in memory of the Confederate soldiers who fell in the Battle of Westport. In three graves at its base are remains of seventy-three soldiers, names unknown, but they represent the States of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Illinois. Near them is the grave of Col. Upton (Up.) Hays, of Westport, killed at the Battle of Newtonia; and

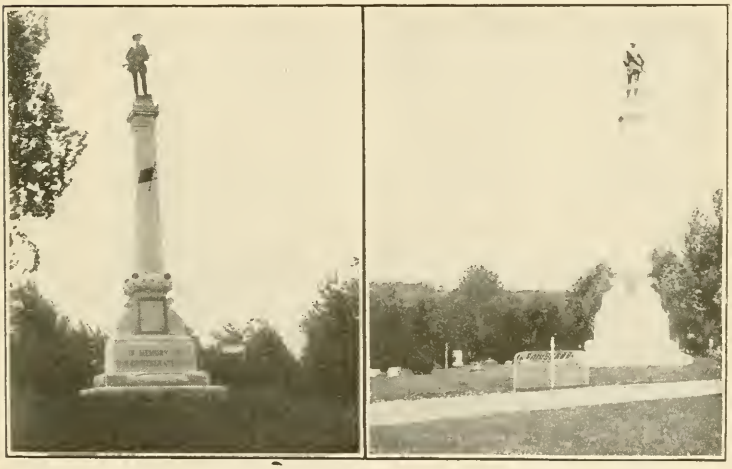
here also rests the body of Gen. Joseph (Joe) Orville Shelby, and none braver, more gallant, more devoted to the Southland ever lived than this adopted son of Missouri. The bodies of the seventy-three soldiers were picked up on the field of battle and interred in what was afterwards known as Byrom's Ford Cemetery (see supplement). The lot bought in Forest Hill Cemetery was deeded to the Kansas City Chapter, to be held in trust by it. The trustees, Mrs. Hugh Miller, Mrs. Maxwell Minter, Mrs. J. M. Philips, and Mrs. Blake L. Woodson, hold the deed for the property.

The monument stands on historic ground, for it was on that spot that General Shelby camped the night before the Battle of Westport. The United Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri raised over $50,000 towards building and furnishing the Home for ex-Confederates at Higginsville, Mo. This Home is one of the most beautiful public institutions in the State, consisting of 360 acres of fertile land, with splendid brick buildings, well equipped hospital, cottages, chapels, fine barns, and is well stocked. There are in the Home at this time about 360 soldiers who wore the gray. Kansas City Chapter, No. 149, has been always an active worker for that cause and it has also devoted its time to matters historical and benevolent. This chapter is a pioneer in that great association which extends now from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the extreme north to the Gulf of Mexico. Wherever there are women from the Southland, they will be found banded together for the purpose of keeping alive, not hostility, but the love for the old South.

Kansas City Chapter has seen the birth and growth of three other chapters in our city: Stonewall Jackson, under the leadership of Mrs. Wm. S. Clagett; Robert E. Lee, presided over by its most capable president, Mrs. Thos. W. Parry; George Pickett, whose affairs are capably administered by Mrs. Hunter Meriwether. Kansas City Chapter, under the able guidance of its president, Mrs. Hugh Miller, expects to accomplish great work along historical lines in the near future, and incidentally give the Battle of Westport special study.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are earnest Southern women, loyal to their united country, with a membership of 80,000, but cherishing and keeping alive in their hearts the memories and traditions of the life in the old South; that ideal life when courtesy to women, honor, and integrity were inherent in the men, and modesty, gentle womanliness, and perfect motherhood were represented by its women.

It seems the setting for this reunion could not have been made more perfect for the Daughters of the Confederacy than that they should have Mrs. Roma J. Wornall for their State President, around whose home cluster so many memories of that fateful October day; but many an October has come and gone, and no more darkness reigns over the land, but the soldier from the Southland is never forgotten. The motto of the organization, "Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget—lest we forget," is particularly appropriate and is deeply imprinted on the heart of every Daughter of the Confederacy.



Monument Erected on the Battle Field by the Kansas City Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

H. J. VIVIAN,
Major 2d Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF MAJ. H. J VIVIAN OF THE LAST DAY OF THE BATTLE OF WESTPORT.

On the last day of the Battle of Westport, General Shelby gave me orders to take three hundred men and go to the ford south of Westport, telling me not to let a Federal pass there under any circumstances, and to remain there until a courier was sent for me.

After having reached the ford as ordered I had the men dismount and deployed them along the south side of the ford. They had been stationed in this manner about an hour when the Federal cavalry was discovered coming from Westport. Waiting quietly until they nearly reached the ford, I ordered the men to fire. The Federals fled after having returned only a few shots. In about two hours they returned within a quarter of a mile of the ford and, after a short consultation among themselves, retreated. I have since read in Jenkins's "History of the Battle of Westport" that they returned to the Federal headquarters with the report that it was quite impossible to cross at the ford, as Shelby was stationed down there with his full command. On the afternoon of the same day their cannon were ordered to the battle-field; they had in the meantime met an elderly man who lived in the vicinity and he had told them he would pilot them over a different road to the battle-field, thus avoiding crossing at the ford.

After having remained at the post General Shelby had ordered me until four-thirty in the afternoon, I deemed it necessary to return to headquarters for further orders, as no courier had arrived upon the scene. At this time the Federals were on every side of us, with the exception of one small space on the south. Just when we reached the top of the hill about half a mile east of the Wornall homestead the Federal regiment mounted their horses and rode parallel with us, thinking we were Federals, I suppose; in the distance I recognized General Shelby by the horse he rode. I started for him, and it was then that the Federals realized their mistake and started firing; but General Shelby, seeing the situation, soon covered my retreat.

At his chance of conversation with me, he shouted: "Where in hell have you been all this time?"

"Yes, 'where in hell' have I been? I've been right down there on the ford where you ordered me to go and stay until you sent a courier for me to return."

"Well, didn't he come?"

"No; you didn't send any courier."

"Well, I suppose the Federals killed him; if they didn't, I will have him court-martialed and shot."

We then had orders from General Price, for Shelby and his men to take the rear and keep the Federals off, as Fagan was then leaving the battle-field. The next morning General Price ordered Marmaduke in the rear to guard against the Federals, saying that Shelby and his men had worked very hard and needed a rest, and they would therefore be put in front.

About eleven o'clock, as I remember, a courier came rushing to the front, saying that Marmaduke had been seriously wounded and that General Shelby was ordered to the back, where the Federals were crowding closely upon us. This so angered old Joe that he had nothing to do all the way to the rear but stand up in his stirrups and swear with every step of his horse. The Federals flanked in on us and a lively fight ensued.

If there is any soldier who was with me that day on Brush Creek at the ford, I would be greatly pleased to hear from him or see him at my home.

Very sincerely, your comrade and friend,

MAJOR H. J. VIVIAN,
2901 Campbell St., Kansas City, Mo.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT IN THE BATTLE OF WESTPORT.

By P. I. Bonebrake.

On the morning of October 22, 1864, a portion of the Second Regiment of the Kansas State Militia, under the command of Col. George W. Veal, of Topeka, was camped at the crossing of the Blue River known as "Hickman Mills Crossing," south of Westport, Missouri.

The regiment had 300 men, cavalry, and an old howitzer. At an early hour our colonel received an order to go on a scout to Hickman Mills to ascertain if a report was true that General Price was sending his wagon train, cattle, and unarmed men in that direction to be reunited with the main body after the expected battle at Kansas City. After breakfast we mounted and proceeded to Hickman Mills. We waited until about noon and no sign of Price's train. We started on our return to Hickman Mills Crossing, where we met an order to return to Westport. After resting awhile at the river crossing, we saddled up and started for Westport. We were hardly on the move when we met a messenger on a foaming horse, saying that Shelby had crossed at a lower ford and would cut us off unless we hastened. We remounted and put our horses in a gallop. When we passed from the valley to the highland, we saw coming from the northeast a long line of cavalry, which proved to be Shelby's men. We were completely cut off from Westport. We halted opposite the Mockaby farm-house. On our right was an open field. We formed in line of battle in the field, with the cannon in the public road. The long line of the enemy marched up to our front and formed in line. The contest was about to commence between a brigade of soldiers, Shelby's men, the flower of the Confederate Western Army, and about 300 Militia, composed of lawyers, doctors, preachers, farmers, and others, some of whom had never fired a gun. The fight was initiated by the discharge of a shell by the old howitzer. The shell burst about 100 feet above the heads of the enemy. The following shells failed to burst and are supposed to be going yet. The musketry fire was opened all along the line. Shelby attempted to flank our position by sending a body of troops to our left. This maneuver was checked

by a free discharge of canister shot. After the battle had been on about a half an hour, we noticed by the formation and the bugle calls that the enemy were preparing for a charge. Up to this there was but little damage. With the usual "Rebel yell," the charge came, and the enemy rode right over us. At the opening of the fight we were dismounted and our horses were held in the rear. We scattered like sheep, every man for himself, each running for his horse. Unfortunately, the horse-holders had let the horses go, and many of the men were captured. Right here begins a portion of the story that is disagreeable to tell, even after this lapse of time, nearly half a century. The fiercest part of the enemy's charge was centered on the battery consisting of about thirty men. After the battery was useless, the men were unarmed and surrendered. Yet twenty-four of those men were shot down. Later their remains were brought to Topeka and are honored by a beautiful monument to their memory.

Let me note here that the Militia were armed with old-fashioned Enfield infantry, muzzle-loading rifles, supplied with ill-fitting cartridges. The men threw them away as they ran. The men were followed as they ran and many were shot down. Lieut.-Col. H. M. Green was robbed, his outer clothing taken off, and he was then shot. The same treatment was given to Captain H. E. Bush, of Company G. The same to Lieutenant De Long. Colonel Green and Captain Bush recovered. De Long died.

Fortunately there was a brushy piece of timber on the north bank of the Blue River, into which many of the men ran and thus saved their lives, as the brush was so dense that the horsemen could not follow. Yet for half an hour after the battle an occasional shot was heard as some unfortunate man was found. The hatred toward the Kansas men was intensified no doubt by Gen. Ewing's Order No. 11 and the raids of Jennison's men at various times. As I said before, looking back almost a half-century, it seems strange that the issues of war should array neighbor against neighbor, sometimes even father against sons, brother against brother, sweetheart against sweetheart; making men more cruel than the beasts of the jungle. Many of Shelby's men were from Jackson and Clay counties.

Incompetence or cowardice cost the lives of more than fifty Kansans. Colonel Lowe, with a regiment of Militia, and Major Lang, with part of Jennison's regiment, stood on the hills south of the Blue, in plain sight of the trap into which the Kansans were placed, and by a demonstration could have withdrawn them. Shelby paid no attention to them, but after the battle quietly

went into camp near the battle-field. His mission was to form the left wing of Price's army for the battle of the next day.

Shelby held about eighty prisoners of our regiment. On Sunday morning, the 23d, they were gotten together and attached to Price's train of stragglers, recruits, cattle, etc., and hurriedly marched south. They were kept in this way until Fort Scott was passed. Price's main army was so hard pushed and the prisoners so much of a handicap that they were turned loose and told to shift for themselves. They were in a difficult situation. They could not travel in a body, and if they scattered they would be classed either as bushwhackers or jayhawkers and shot. However, they followed the latter course, every man for himself, and in some way the most of them reached Fort Scott and were helped to their homes. Many thrilling stories of their escape were told by these men.

I omitted to mention that Brig.-Gen. M. S. Grant was with us a portion of the time, but withdrew early to Olathe, Kansas.

It may be of some interest to hear of my personal experience in the fight. When Shelby's men charged and rode over us, each man looked out for himself. The men who were to hold the horses let them go. I found my horse near by in a fence-corner, nearly scared to death. I mounted, jumped the fence, and started to run the road to the crossing. I soon discovered that some of the enemy were ahead of me and would cut me off, so I turned and ran for the timber and, jumping off my horse, ran down a small ravine; I left my pursuer, as the brush was too dense for a horseman. He left me a souvenir of the race in a pistol ball in my saddle just in front of my body. I crossed a road into an old field where the brush was thin and, *being very tired,* laid down to rest. I remained there until darkness set in. The bugles of Shelby's men sounded the recall and I started west, keeping near the stream and the brush for safety. I had not been on the way long when I heard a voice call, "Who comes there?" I dropped into the brush and failed to answer. Again I heard the same call, and then asked, "Who are you?" The answer came, "Hopkins, of Capt. Hannum's company." We then got together and traveled until, we guessed, about twelve o'clock. We laid down and slept in a haystack. At daylight we found ourselves near the road from Olathe to Westport. Later on we heard the cannonade, and that told that the "battle was on once more" and our troops still held Westport. We first went to the Harris House and found it a hospital; the wounded of both sides were being treated by doctors and kind-hearted women.

Later I wandered on in the rear of the Colorado Battery, which was firing over the heads of our troops in the valley. Price's army was slowly retreating. The victory rested on the banners of the soldiers of the Union.

I went on to Kansas City, where I fell in with a camp of Topekans, and Judge Martin, afterwards United States senator from Kansas, gave me some raw bacon and crackers, the first food I had had for thirty hours. It seemed to me the best meal I ever ate.

Our little battle was the beginning of one that was fought almost continually day and night from Westport to the border of Texas. Price had organized a campaign to recruit his army and furnish supplies for it for the coming winter, and incidentally to capture Kansas City, Fort Leavenworth, and sweep south through Kansas. The campaign ended by Price's escape to the border of Texas with a remnant of his army, in number hardly enough to constitute a good body-guard.

The question has been often asked whether the results of the war justified the bloodshed and the vast expenditures of both sides. It certainly determined two questions. First, it determined that we are a Nation, and not a Confederacy. "A Union now and forever, one and inseparable." The late Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, said in a speech: "When all the States are bound together in one common head, then the nations of the earth will look with wonder at our career; and when they hear the noise of the wheels of progress in achievement and development and expansion and glory and renown, it will appear to them as the very voice of the Almighty."

Second, it removed forever the sin and disgrace of slavery, which had cursed the Nation from its organization to the date of President Lincoln's proclamation.

I close with the words of the immortal Lincoln, which are as applicable to us to-day as when they were delivered: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God has given to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans, and to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting place among ourselves and unto all nations."

The campaign was a series of blunders on the part of both the Federals and Confederates. Had Price turned south at Lexington, he would have been 100 miles away before Generals Pleasanton and Curtis could have united their forces and he would have saved his immense train of recruits, supplies, etc.

But his anxiety to strike Kansas City and Kansas cost him the loss of his army. The Federal Army had but little faith in its commander. At one time four brigadier-generals of his army talked to him in such language that he agreed to take the aggressive and in no case fall back beyond the Kansas River as he proposed. Political jealousy and insubordination characterized the Federal forces during the entire campaign, even down along the line after Price had begun his retreat.

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THE OLD MAN VENERABLE.

In his report of the Battle of Westport, Major-General Samuel R. Curtis, U. S. A., mentions a God-sent guide and gives him credit for having grasped the situation correctly and furnished the valuable plan at the critical moment when he was trying to rally his "Kansans" to a second attempt to charge up the slopes under the fire of Shelby's fighting men. Feeble and unarmed, "this aged Missouri pioneer" sought with great difficulty the side of the commander and explained that he knew the lay of the land; that to take his troops through a gap in the rocky ridge south of the creek was the only alternative if the men could not gain the heights before attempted that had proved so impregnable.

J. L. Norman, volunteer aide on the staff of General S. R. Curtis, wrote the account of that incident of the Battle of Westport. Curtis, like a truly thankful man, offered the Missouri farmer a horse and bade him ride with his staff and lead the way; too feeble for mounting, the veteran of many a pioneer strategy refused to ride, and when his mission was accomplished, he sank down weak with exhaustion, but in his eyes there showed the light that never fails when God in one has spoken. A mission accomplished was truly evidenced, immediately by the success of the guns of the Federal troops, before which the Confederates fell back. This gap is some few hundred yards from where the Wornall road now crosses Brush Creek to the westward. It should be suitably marked in memory of "this aged Missouri pioneer," as General Curtis calls him.

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